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MODERN PHILOSOPHY.*

MODERN PHILOSOPHY may be defined the art of sinking. It has been systematically sinking lower and lower these three hundred years, and in the lowest deep a lower deep still opens to devour it. It fell from Descartes to Locke, from Locke to Hume, from Hume to Kant—immense descents, each of them. Is there anything below Kant? Yes, Hegel. Nor is even he the lowest. Far down in a sunless, earthless, mindless, gulf, lies the Pessimist, Schopenhauer, and again below him lies Hartmann, the "philosopher of the Unconscious." Have we reached bottom yet? Is there still a single truth left to be denied, or an absurdity to be defended? Who shall venture to say there is not? Of course we can conceive of none, but German ingenuity is apparently without bounds. From Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann! What a grim procession of hard-featured men! Their only office as they pass along seems to be to extinguish, one by one, the flickering lights of the human reason, like the acolyte at the Matins of the Tenebræ. "*That which the palmer-worm hath left, the locust hath eaten; and that which the locust hath left, the bruchus hath eaten: and that which the bruchus hath left, the mildew hath destroyed.*"

Modern philosophy and Protestantism are two branches of the same stock, two phases of the same revolution, two developments of the same principle. "Descartes* and his contemporaries," like Luther and the other Reformers, "broke with the past altogether. They accepted nothing upon authority, they borrowed not a stick or a stone from those who had gone before them. Their chief fault was intellectual arrogance. For they aspired to reconstruct, not merely the foundations of knowledge, but the whole structure, to build anew from cornerstone to pinnacle." These remarks of Professor Bowen lay bare the root of modern evils. What causes the intellectual anarchy which characterizes the last three centuries? Arrogance, which prompts men to break with past and present, things seen and things unseen. Each suc-

* Modern Philosophy, from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann. By Francis Bowen, A.M. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

* Many of our readers will doubtless ask themselves, what had Descartes to do with Protestantism? We answer that Descartes, like Epicurus, was, fortunately for himself, a great deal better than his philosophy.

cessive philosopher, from Descartes to Schopenhauer and Hartmann, every new reformer from Luther to Swedenborg, discovers that the whole world is in error and ignorance. A new system of belief is thrust upon mankind, which will obtain until sneered to death by its successor. How ridiculous the whole proceeding would be if the supremest interests of the human race were not jeopardized by the wranglings of these quack doctors of the ills of man!

How is the world to be saved from "the dreary and appalling consequences of that fatalism and pantheism combined" into which modern philosophy has plunged its devotees? There is one permanent remedy, and that is to return to the point where the first divergence from truth was made. Prof. Bowen recognizes, though a Protestant, the necessity of "submissive faith in the teachings of Scripture *and the Church*," in order to support "the Christian idea of God in a cultivated intellect." But outside the Catholic Church what is "submissive faith," and especially "submissive faith in the teachings of the Church?" Nothing but *flatus vocis*, articulate sound without sense.

We cannot but admire the patience with which Professor Bowen has followed modern philosophy through its tortuous meanderings. He might have facilitated his task by dwelling longer upon the French and English systems, and dispatching the German transcendentalists as briefly as possible. But he has done just the contrary. He has little or nothing to say of the English philosophers. A dozen pages apiece are all he devotes to Descartes, Spinoza, Malebranche, Liebnitz, Pascal, and Berkley; the rest of the book—over three hundred pages—is allotted to Kant and his followers. At the first glance at the contents, the eye desiderates the names of Locke, Hume, Reid, Cousin, and a score of others, fully as important as Schopenhauer and Hartmann. The author apologizes for their absence by remarking that it was not his intention to write a complete history of modern philosophy, but principally to present a critical analysis of those systems with which English readers are most unfamiliar. He ought, then, to have chosen a title more consonant to this plan. It is true that the writings of Hobbes, Locke, Hume, and Reid are accessible to all, but that is no valid reason why they should be excluded from a work which endeavors to present a full analysis and criticism of the systems of those great thinkers whose writings have permanently influenced the course of European thought. The chief value of a history of philosophy is that it traces the genealogy of systems, and teaches how each philosopher paved the way for his successors. Evidently Professor Bowen is so strongly inclined to idealism that he finds no pleasure in the writings of Locke and his school, and in this we do not blame him.

The author has spent much time and labor in the vain endeavor to make the German transcendentalists appear to say something, and he has succeeded much better than the majority of his predecessors at that hopeless task. If any of our readers desire to know all about the philosophy of the Absolute, and of the Unknowable, and of the Unconscious, we recommend them this book of Professor Bowen. But as the learned author tells us that he has lectured many years upon the writings of Kant, Fiechte, Schelling, Hegel, and the rest, "to large classes of university students," we would ask him of what possible use, moral, intellectual, or religious, may the pantheistic jargon of these men be to the youth at Harvard? These monstrous systems are fast becoming things of the past—materials for an amusing chapter in Mr. Caxton's *History of Human Error*—why, then, shock the

youthful mind with their blasphemies, or cram it with their absurd technicalities? It would be far better to follow Virgil's advice to Dante:

"Speak not of them, but look and pass them by."

It has been proven, time and again, that all that is good in Kant (in the other German philosophers there is nothing worth mentioning) is to be found purer, simpler, neater in "Thomas Aquinas and the other schoolmen," and we assure Professor Bowen that if he had expended one-half the time and energy on St. Thomas which he has expended upon Kant, he would not be forced to conclude that probably truth is unattainable (p. 7), and that the only end of philosophizing is to prove that philosophy is illusory and vain (p. 9).

This leads us to inquire what are Professor Bowen's own views of philosophy? It is a very important question, not only because of the professor's great reputation, but chiefly because he is the occupant of a philosophical chair at one of the most prominent universities of the country. We cannot but be interested in whatever tends to reveal the principles of those who frame the thought of the rising generation. Professor Bowen seems anxious to leave no doubt upon our minds. He believes in God, a personal God, a God "who hears and answers prayer," and in Jesus Christ, who is "God manifest in man." The profession of faith with which he closes his prefatory remarks is as clear and precise as the most orthodox Protestant clergyman could desire:

"I accept with unhesitating conviction and belief the doctrine of the being of one Personal God, the Creator and Governor of the world, and of one Lord Jesus Christ, in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and I have found nothing whatever in the literature of modern infidelity which, to my mind, casts even the slightest doubt upon that belief. . . . . Let me be permitted also to repeat the opinion which I ventured to express as far back as 1849, that 'the time seems to have arrived for a more practical and immediate verification than the world has ever yet witnessed of the great truth that the civilization which is not based upon Christianity is big with the elements of its own destruction.'"

That Professor Bowen is sincere in his profession of faith may be read in every page of his book. Materialism and fatalism are an abomination in his eyes. Bayle, and Voltaire, and Hume, and Condillac, and the rest of that tribe, are barely mentioned. Thirty pages are devoted to the explosion of the theories of Mill, Huxley, and Tyndall. The "scientific" materialism and skepticism of the present day "instead of evincing progress, would carry us back to the last century, being merely a revival of the philosophy of the French Encyclopædists." So that "the pretended new lights are but new editions of old doctrines." He asserts the Freedom of the Will with eloquence and warmth.

We cherish a sort of brotherly feeling for one who, in this infidel age, retains so much of Catholic truth. The only very objectionable part of the Professor's book is Chapter III., "Of Innate Ideas and the Idea of God in the Mind of Man," which is so very objectionable, so very offensive to orthodox ears, that it ought to be not only rewritten, but thoroughly rethought, or, since it is unnecessary, omitted. The author there seems to walk a slack-rope over the horrid gulf of pantheism; *he* apparently crosses in safety, but we doubt much whether others could accomplish the same feat.

We noted several minor flaws in the course of our reading, but we will confine ourselves to reminding Professor Bowen that Jansenism was not

by any means synonymous with what he calls the "Augustinian dogma of the fall of man," and that it was the former and not the latter which was "persecuted out of existence by the bitter opposition of the Jesuits." We also object most earnestly to the palm of martyrdom which he has conferred upon Giordano Bruno. This "outcast of the universe" was a public blasphemer, at a time when blasphemy was punishable with death. Geneva would have saved Rome the trouble of executing him had he not escaped to London in time.

On the whole, we consider Professor Bowen's book to be remarkably able, notwithstanding the defects mentioned.

MY ATONEMENT.

TEN years ago, I was a rich if not a happy man. Throughout my life, in all things pertaining to financial gain, I had been most successful; but that which I had coveted more, had first eluded my grasp, and then passed beyond my reach forever. My character was, as men phrase it, "irreproachable;" that is, the bank account that stood against my name, the property whence I drew a comfortable income, were rightfully as well as legally my own; gross vice was foreign to my tranquil temperament, and I was a vestryman in Grace Church. If few loved me, none hated me. I mixed but little in society, maintaining always the dignified reserve that had become with me as a second nature; my taste was very simple, and I was rather exacting in money dealings; yet no one regarded me either as a misanthrope or a miser. People had grown tired of wondering why I did not marry, and considered me settled in my bachelorhood. This was all before I had to do with John Maurice's affairs.

I do not know why he chose to come to me when he got into business embarrassments. There were other capitalists in B— who could readily have helped him out of his difficulties. Did he think my memory as short as his own? Did he not know he was putting temptation in my way? But stop—there spoke my former self. Now I know that when in the olden time he crossed my path, he did it all unwittingly; but then I reasoned otherwise.

He had gone security, to a large amount, for a relative, who had failed utterly though blamelessly, leaving him in the breach. His property was good for the whole debt and more. The creditors were upon him. There was his wife and daughter and baby son. What could he do? If he sold now, it would have to be at a ruinous sacrifice.

"I can advance you what will cover your liabilities, and can secure myself by a mortgage on your property," I suggested.

He jumped at the bait. "God bless you, George Maynard!" he cried. "I knew you would help me."

"I'll take the mortgage for a year—"

"Only for a year, George," he interrupted, his handsome brow clouding; "can't you give me a little longer?"

"As I was about to say," I continued, "I won't press you for it, nor take you at a disadvantage; but I have a large amount of money out already, and there are a good many days in a year."

"True," he rejoined; "for if I am as successful in my business this

year as I have been many a year in the past, I shall be all right. I'll put up the property for sale, too, and will have time to dispose of it to advantage. Anyhow," he added, with that boyish gayety that had gone with him into middle life, "I could not have fallen into safer hands."

But the year went by, and when the mortgage came due he could pay me only the interest; nor had he found for the property a purchaser whose offer was worth considering.

"In God's name, give me another year!" he pleaded.

Oh, it was sweet revenge to hear John Maurice asking mercy at my hands; to know him dependent on my good-will for the roof that sheltered him! But patience, I had sweeter in store.

"It is out of the question," I answered, coldly. "You accepted my terms; you have not fulfilled your part of the agreement. If my offer did not suit you, you could have applied to other parties."

"But you promised not to press me."

"Well, I will give you a month additional; not another minute. What more can you ask?"

He left me without another word. I knew full well how little this reprieve would avail him. What need to dwell on the sequence? The foreclosure took place. Money was rather scarce in B— that season. I bid in the property for a trifle over the amount of my mortgage, and none dared to bid against me.

Immediately after this, I went to Newton to open a branch house. This business required my constant presence there for over a fortnight. On my return I learned, not without a certain satisfaction, that John Maurice and his family had left B—.

About two years later, I was busy in my office, one dismal autumn morning, looking among my private papers for a letter that I had mislaid, when I came across a fragment, a piece of a letter page, torn across, written in a familiar hand. It read:

"For God's sake, for the sake of my wife and children, don't harden your heart against the appeal I am forced to make to you. Deal by me now—" and there the fragment ended.

"I thought I had destroyed all that stuff," I muttered, tearing the paper into tiny scraps, which I flung impatiently from me. The old bitterness welled up in my heart. I wondered grimly how John Maurice had been faring since.

My office was on a platform at the end of the warerooms, divided from them by a glassed partition. Seated at my desk, I commanded a view of the front entrance. I noticed a slender girl, dressed in black, making her way up the aisle. Evidently she was not a purchaser; for after a moment's parley with one of the salesmen, she came straight to the office. She tapped on the door lightly, and entering, stood before my desk. She raised her veil, and looked at me earnestly.

"You are Mr. George Maynard," she said, half inquiringly.

I bowed. She stood silent, for a moment or two, but withdrew not that bright eager gaze that she had fixed on me at first. She was of middle height. Her face was fair and colorless; her features small and thin, though not irregular; the wonderful searching eyes were large, deep-set, and of a lustrous hazel; and the hair, drawn back under her hat, was light brown and wavy. The long, slight hand, that rested on my desk-rail, was gloveless, and roughened, probably by unwonted household toil. I had time to note all this before she spoke again. Then her breath came quickly, and a red flush burned for an instant on her cheek.

"I am Amy Maurice, John Maurice's daughter."

I could not repress a start of surprise. I had thought his daughter still a child. The girl before me

seemed about eighteen. She continued:

"Ah, you wonder because I come to you, and I also wonder to find myself here. I feared I would lose courage at the last. I have heard of you ever since I was a little girl, long before my father had business dealings with you. I could not have explained why, but it always seemed to me that you were hiding a warm heart under that cold exterior. Then, two years ago, you did my father a great wrong, and I heard him curse your name. I came to know poverty, suffering, the death of dear ones (she glanced at her shabby black dress), and something worse, a thousand times worse than these."

"Miss Maurice," I interposed, "you do not understand, I perceive, that my action towards your father was perfectly legal. Indeed, I dealt with him more leniently than the law required."

"Legal before men it may have been," she rejoined solemnly; "but was it lawful before God? I do not question your right to force the payment of what was due to you; but I ask was it just for you to buy my father's property at but half its value; to leave us shelterless and adrift on the world with a pittance that sufficed not for our immediate wants, much less for a new start in life? O my God," and she turned from me with hands clasped and eyes upraised, "help me in this hour, that my words may not be vain."

"But, Miss Maurice, why have you come here to reproach me? Do you wish to ask assistance at my hands?" (My heart began to soften curiously towards this unworldly maiden, the daughter of the man I hated.) "You are standing too long, child; here, take a chair by the register, and tell me calmly your errand."

But she drew back from the proffered civility.

"I have not come to ask a favor for myself, but an act of justice for my father. Wait till I tell you the rest. We took what was left us after the sale, disposed of all our furniture except what we absolutely needed, and removed from here to Philadelphia. My father had friends there on whose influence he counted. But they could not help him much. His earnings were scarcely enough to support us, though we lived most frugally. My mother was ailing when we left here, but she did not complain, and we never suspected her sufferings. She, herself, did not know her dangerous condition. Our subsequent hardships greatly aggravated it. With hardly an hour's warning she was taken from us, and my baby brother followed her within a month. My father's watch and every salable article we had left went to defray medical and funeral expenses.

"After my mother's death my father fell into a sort of apathy. I tried every device I could think of to rouse him, but in vain. At last his mood changed. He became fearfully nervous and excitable, and possessed with desire of change. I sought to persuade him to stay in Philadelphia, for I had succeeded in obtaining a situation in a certain mercantile agency at a fair salary. But he had made up his mind to go to Chicago, and I had to prepare to accompany him.

"Day and night your name was on his lips; day and night he cursed you as the cause of all his sorrows. And I could only pray for him and you. Thank God, my mother went to her judgment her spirit purified of even the slightest unforgiving thought.

"We left Philadelphia a few days ago. As we journeyed along I observed that my father was becoming very weak. We had to stop here to change cars, and he fainted in the depot. I saw that he could travel no further. I brought him to the house of a woman who used to be our seamstress. I knew that she would receive us, and not betray my

confidence. She helped me put my father to bed, and we summoned a physician, Dr. Barrett. He gave him close attention for awhile, without pronouncing any verdict on his condition. Then he told me, yesterday —oh, how can I think it! how can I say it!—he told me my father's reason is gone, and, he fears, forever. He said that he must be removed from here at once, and placed under proper care. But what can I do? There is no one to help me, no one to advise me. Father Wallace is away on his retreat. There is none among our former acquaintances that I feel free to go to. Mrs. Desmond is afraid to have my father in her house. All night long I prayed and pleaded that God would send me help. And when it was growing light I thought of you. I thought if once you could know the full extent of our misery you would be moved to pity your victim, and to make him some atonement. See how God has brought to your very doors this chance to repair, in a measure, the evil you have done. Oh, help me to have my father cared for, that his reason may return to him, and grace be given him ere he die to forgive the one who has forced him into this sore strait!"

She paused, breathless and trembling with emotion.

"Great God!" I murmured, "I never meant so much."

Her quick ear caught the words.

"Then motives of revenge actuated you. Oh, my father! my father! surely you never did this man a wrong that deserved so hard a retribution."

"Do you think your father would know me?" I asked.

"Alas! he knows no one; not even me, his daughter."

"Then I will go to him," I said; and I went with her out through the warerooms. It was drizzling, and the air was cold. I summoned an errand-boy and was sending him for a carriage, but she interposed—

"It is but a few steps; I would rather walk."

A minute's walk brought us to the house, which was on a street just behind my new factories. The front door was unlocked. It opened right into a small sitting-room. An old, scared-looking woman bustled in from the back of the house.

"Oh, Miss Amy, so it's you. I thought it might be Dr. Barrett."

"Is my father still sleeping?" asked Amy.

"Yes, dear; but he's awful restless and feverish like. I'm glad you've got back."

"I will be with him directly. This," for Amy noticed that the old woman was regarding me with eyes of sharp inquiry, "is a former acquaintance of my father's."

Then both withdrew. In a few minutes Amy returned, and beckoned me to follow her. She conducted me to the open door of a dimly lighted room.

"Look!" she whispered.

I could not have mistaken that face were it thrice as changed. The man was terribly wasted. His head and beard were white as snow. His hands were moving nervously, and his brows were contracted as if his sleep were haunted with dreams of pain. His lips were twitching spasmodically, and words, at first unintelligible to me, escaped them. Then the sound grew more distinct.

"Oh, just God! curse him! curse him! curse him! blast his life as he has blasted mine!"

Though I am a strong-nerved man, I shuddered and grew sick. The invalid turned on his pillow and opened his wild black eyes. They fairly glared on me, but with no sign of recognition in their troubled depths.

"Amy, Amy!" he moaned.

She was kneeling beside him. "Here I am, papa, my darling papa."

"No, no!" he cried impatiently. "I want my own child, my Amy. She never was away so long before." And

then he added wearily, "But, never mind; you can stay till she comes back."

Presently the doctor came in. He was a stranger to me. I drew back to let him pass, and returned to the sitting-room till his visit to the patient should be over. In about twenty minutes I heard his step in the entry. I went to the door and motioned him to enter. Closing it after him cautiously, I asked:

"What do you think of Mr. Maurice's condition?"

"Pardon me, sir; but Miss Maurice—"

"I am Miss Maurice's friend, and outside of this consideration there are reasons why I am bound to see that Mr. Maurice is properly cared for."

"Ah!" and the physician's brow cleared. "I am glad to know that the poor girl has a friend who can help her fittingly in this extremity. God knows how gladly I would have acted a friend's part to her, had it been in my power to do so. But she did not mention you to me."

"It was not necessary," I began, coldly, but added, in a more courteous tone, "I suppose there has been scarcely time yet."

In the clearer light, I saw that Dr. Barrett was a young man of pleasing presence and gentlemanly address. It annoyed me unaccountably, though, that he should speak as if he had any share in Amy Maurice's confidence. But, endeavoring to banish this unreasonable idea, I continued: "What, then, is your opinion of the patient's condition? and where can he be placed with the best prospect of his eventual cure?"

"I fear his condition is hopeless. Under favorable circumstances, however, it is barely possible that he may recover his reason. The best place for him is the Asylum for the Insane, at Newton. It is conducted by the Sisters of Charity."

"How soon should he be removed thither?"

"To-day, if possible."

"Has he strength enough for the journey?"

"Yes. It is but two hours' ride to Newton. He will probably be very quiet all the afternoon. I will go with him to the depot myself."

I consulted my watch. "I think we can be ready for the 3.15."

"The sooner the better," said Dr. Barrett. "Good-bye till this afternoon."

I told Amy what I proposed to do. She agreed to all.

"And now about your own future?" I inquired.

"My plans are made, sir. I shall endeavor to procure in Newton a situation similar to the one I had in Philadelphia. I could be more with my father than if engaged in other employment."

"I wish you to be free to go to your father whenever you please. There is no need of your seeking any employment."

"It is my own desire," she interrupted hastily.

"Do I owe no atonement to you, child?"

"Help me to find the work I speak of, and it will be the most acceptable you can offer me," she answered.

We arrived in Newton at dusk. The invalid was quiet, and as yielding to our will as a babe might have been. I remained at the Asylum till I saw him comfortably settled. Then I was going to say good-night to Amy.

"Miss Maurice will remain with me to-night," said Sister Teresa. "It is already late, and she seems so weary, poor child. You can see her in the morning, since you are to remain in town until then."

I called on Amy next day, to inform her that I had secured for her the occupation she desired. The salary was ten dollars a week.

"It is more than enough, more than I had expected," she said, "and I am most grateful."

"Where will you make your home?" I inquired.

"With a Mrs. Harris, who resides near St. Patrick's Church, not far from here. She is a friend of Sister Teresa's."

"I shall often come to Newton," I continued; "may I not hope to see you sometimes?"

"Yes, when we meet here," she answered, softly.

"Child, you have done a good work in me."

"Not I, but God's grace," she rejoined with downcast eyes.

How unlike her who the day previous had confronted me so fearlessly, and showed me in glaring colors the sin of my life, was the timid, shrinking girl before me!

"You told me yesterday that you used to pray for me."

"Oh, yes, I have prayed for you every day since we left here, two years ago," she rejoined, eagerly, "and I will do so always."

"Well, then, good-bye, dear child, and forgive me all the sorrow I have caused you."

"I forgave it from the first," she answered.

* * * * *

I was tortured with visions of that home scattered, those lives prematurely ended, that noble mind distraught. My revenge had taken proportions exceeding intention or desire, and now in its cruel strength had twined back upon myself. Whithersoever I went I seemed to look upon the face of John Maurice. The burning eyes were never averted from me, the shrivelled lips were ever muttering "Curse him! curse him! Oh, just God, blast his life as he has blasted mine!"

I attended the services at Grace Church with more than usual regularity, cherishing a vague hope that somehow they would soothe my troubled conscience. I never dreamed of asking "ghostly counsel" from our rector, though that sentence in the exhortation before communion, about "opening one's grief" to the minister of God occurred to me with startling frequency. I could not sufficiently disassociate the reverend gentleman from his amiable wife and large and interesting family to give him unreserved confidence.

By-and-by though, a fair vision rose beside the face of my victim, and a clear soft voice broke through the muttered curses, "I am praying for you both; I will pray for you always."

I could not, at this time, have defined my sentiments towards Amy Maurice. I did not try to. The thought of her calmed me as naught else could do. I only know that I could not bear to hear Dr. Barrett, whom I met occasionally, speak her name.

Though I went to Newton at least once a week, I seldom met Amy. I heard of her, however, through Sister Teresa, who appeared warmly interested in her.

"She is an angel of piety," said the Sister to me one day. "In all my long and diversified experience I have never seen anything more touching than her devotion to her father."

John Maurice's mental condition showed no improvement.

"I fear, I fear," said Sister Teresa on one of my last visits, "his strength is failing fast, and his mind grows no clearer. We are making another Novena for him now. If he die in this state, it will kill that poor child. She is worn to a shadow. She has not been permitted to see him since yesterday week, and the time that she would otherwise be with him she spends now in the chapel."

"Is she there now?" I asked.

The Sister glanced at the clock. "I think so."

"May I go into the chapel a moment, then? I do not wish to speak with her, but just to see her, and myself remain unseen."

The Sister looked surprised at my

singular request, but did not refuse it. "She will not see you, be sure of that," she whispered, as we stood in the side entrance of the chapel.

Amy was kneeling at the sanctuary rail. Her eyes were raised to the altar. She held a rosary in her hands, but neither lips nor fingers moved. She was indeed but a shadow of what she had been a year before. I turned away with a heavy heart. Sister Teresa, who had been kneeling in the open doorway, rose and accompanied me to the outer hall.

"Urge Miss Maurice to take better care of herself, Sister," I said; "there is one—there are many, I am sure, to whom her life is precious."

"I hope God will spare her to give him still greater proofs of her zeal for his glory," answered Sister Teresa gravely, and rather irrelevantly, too, it struck me.

* * * * *

"*Come, my father is dying. Amy Maurice.*"

Thus read the telegram handed me one noon-time, the week following. There would be no train to Newton for three hours. To me they seemed as long as days. But at last I found myself again on the threshold of the Asylum.

Amy met me in the hall. Her thin, worn face seemed glorified. She held out her hand to me—that hand that had never touched mine before. "Thank God! thank God! He is perfectly conscious. He has received the last sacraments. He knows all, and he desires to see you. Come."

And with her hand still clasped in mine, she led me to the death-chamber. There were two or three Sisters in the room, one of the physicians, and Father Brennan, the chaplain. I approached the bedside.

"Come nearer," whispered the dying man.

I knelt down with my face close to his, that I might not lose one of his faintly breathed utterances.

"Forgive me, oh, forgive me!" I murmured.

"Freely for all, and so mayest thou forgive me, my Lord and judge! Amy has told me everything . . . . George Maynard, my friend. . . ." I could not catch the next words, and then, "My child, my Amy." His voice failed outright, there was a faint gurgle in the throat, the eyes that had been looking into mine grew fixed.

"May the soul of Thy servant departed rest in peace, O Lord."

So spake the priest in solemn tones; and in an instant, the Sisters, who had been silently assembling with lighted tapers in their hands, were reciting the prayers for the dead.

* * * * *

Now I realized the place that Amy Maurice held in my heart. Had I any place in hers? I wondered. I would be her friend, her protector, and it might be something nearer yet and tenderer. I would stand between her and the rough things of the world if she would but give me the right to do so. I had blighted the lives of her loved ones, but I would bless hers. She did not hate me; I felt sure of that. Nay, even, I recalled little circumstances which made me hope that she did not regard me with indifference. Religious differences would not stand between us. For many months I had been convinced of the truth of the Catholic faith; and I wavered not in my resolve to embrace it, let what would betide. Through Amy's hands, with Amy's help, I would repay the past. She would dispense my riches to the poor. Together we would pray, and for both of us long days of quiet happiness might dawn at last. Had my love been clearer-sighted, it had never dared to cherish this wild, wild dream. But for days I fed my heart with it, and hourly it grew more real. I sought Amy. The look, almost ecstatic, with which she had met me on the

last day of her father's earthly life still lingered on her countenance. Never before had she greeted me so graciously. My heart grew elate with hope.

"You are bearing this bitter sorrow bravely, dear child," I said.

"Oh, I am happy, you can never guess how happy! God has granted my prayer. My father is beyond the reach of sin or suffering. If he be in debt to God's justice, I can help him. I have Masses for him every day since his death, and I am praying for him always, always. I could sing the *Te Deum* now, and not the *Miserere*."

She puzzled me sorely. I could not understand that glorious nature. I had expected to find her sorrowful, and needing sympathy and comfort; and lo! she was rejoicing as if the glory of the blessed had been shown to her in vision.

"And now, Mr. Maynard," she went on, "promise me, before we part—"

"Before we part! We shall not part for long, Amy. My child, my darling, I love you, I love you! Give me the right to care for you; to guard you as I prize you! Oh, Amy! listen to me indulgently. Our names were coupled on your father's dying lips—'my friend, George Maynard; my child Amy.'"

The hand that I had seized grew icy cold within my grasp, and she struggled to withdraw it. She retreated from me, pale and tearful.

"Oh, hush, Mr. Maynard! I may not listen. I am no more my own. Two years ago I asked a great boon from God. I offered him my life in exchange for it. He granted my prayer, and now he claims my offering. He has not cut short my mortal life, but He willed me to consecrate it to Him alone. So, my friend —my dear and trusted friend—we part to-night, forever. I go hence, within an hour, to give myself to God. I am going to be a Sister of Charity."

"Oh, my God, my God!" I groaned, "is this a part of my atonement? Amy, Amy, how can I give you up to this hard, cruel life? How can you desire it?"

And wiping the tears from her face, she made answer: "Think you that I do not know the hardships of the life I am embracing? I do not fear them. I have not chosen for myself; the Lord has chosen for me. My days will not be sorrowful. I shall know such joys as your fondest love could never bring me."

Again her eyes were shining with the old enthusiasm, and she went on earnestly.

"Tell me, promise me, my friend, that those lessons of life and death will not be lost on you for your eternity."

"Amy, I am a Catholic in heart, and shall soon be one in practice, so help me God."

"Dear Lord, I praise Thee! Good-bye, my friend; good-bye till Heaven!"

Before she could forestall me, I had knelt at her feet and kissed her cold, trembling hand. Then I passed out into the darkness.

* * * * *

Oh, Amy! blessed one! She lived but a year after she entered the Convent. They called her Sister Dolores, and she consummated her sacrifice by making her vows upon her deathbed. This much Sister Teresa told me; the rest will Amy tell me in Heaven. "Till Heaven" was our farewell.

Where are my noble warehouses, my lands, my gold, you ask me! They are helping me to finish my atonement.

"WHO LABOR AND ARE HEAVY LADEN."

THE HEART.

O WEARY life! unjust and bitter load!
Let me thy weight lay down. This murky road
Called Time o'er which I drag thee, fitting place
But seems to cast the load where shadows chase
Their painful flight o'er thorns and pitfalls deep,
And lost in depths of mire, find woful sleep.
Beneath thy weight I faint; from it essay
In vain to rise, despotic the mute sway
That holds thee down, where, with rebellion just,
Thou'rt loathed, O hateful burden! to the dust
In spirit ground! No future could I meet
So prized as trampling thee beneath the feet,
That all unwilling bear thee onward slow,
Thy goal but misery where'er they go;
Thy bribe but falsehood; thy reward sharp pain;
To sink beneath thee, yet no rest to gain!
Rest!—Life, thou dreadful weight, that boon to find
Can only be to 'scape thy presence! Kind
The hand that takes thee, cruel the stern power
That thus compels thee here for e'en an hour!

THE SOUL.

Nay, mortal plaint, from out a mortal deep
Of feeling woful rising, up the steep
Of Calvary's supernal grandeur mount
And hush thy moan within the sacred fount
Soft flowing there, that never may they rise
To reach the ear that lists beyond the skies.
O load beloved! O weight made of the Cross—
It fain would wrest thee from me! Mine the loss
If the beloved Master its blind cry
Answered! Oh! Master, to Thy feet I fly!
There do I bow beneath my burden sweet—
Not hard, dear Lord, not cruel, but unmeet
For shoulders all unworthy of a load
Borne once by Thine, oh, mighty, loving God!
Yes, from that heart's revolt I fly to Thee,
Life's burden but *Thy Cross* bestowed on me.
Bind it more firmly on, I pray Thee, now,
So that when Time is past, and loving Thou
Wilt lift it up, no load abhorred Thou'lt see,
But a *loved Cross*, borne, dearest Lord, with Thee!

THE NATIVE TRIBES OF NORTH AMERICA AND THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

PART II.

THE vast extent of territory occupied by the Algonquin race, and the great number of their tribes, prevent us from describing them with the compactness and unity of plan that was followed for the Huron-Iroquois. There is, however, a natural division of the subject which can be pointed out at once. Although all possessed in general the same characteristics, and were greatly inferior to the Iroquois, still the Algonquins of the west and north differed considerably from those of the south and east. These last tribes were certainly the least advanced in civilization, and that which will be most insisted upon with regard to them all—namely, their almost complete state of political disintegration—is true particularly and entirely of the tribes living on the Lower St. Lawrence, and farther east, near the Atlantic Ocean. The reader is referred back to the list given of them in the previous number, which, however, comprised only the most important with respect to the subject of the missions. This must always be kept in view.

There was a natural reason for the more advanced state of the western Algonquins, and this was that they became early interested in trade, which never happened for their eastern brethren. The Hurons were instrumental in bringing this about. As was previously stated, they needed the help of the nations situated north and west of them for carrying on their extensive commerce in furs. This help they found in the western Algonquins. The Ottawas, the Chippeways, the Miamis, and the Illinois, the Pottawatomies, and the Outagamies or Foxes, besides many other tribes, were in frequent intercourse with the Hurons of Georgia Bay, whilst the Algonquins proper, the Montagnais, the Micmacs, the Etchemins, and the Abnakis of the east were reduced for their subsistence to the fish of the rivers and lakes, and the wild animals of the gloomy forests, deprived as they were of prairies so common in the west and north.

In the description on which we enter, the reader must keep in view this remarkable difference. Yet since the tribes on both sides were of the Algic stock, all of them partook more or less of the same characteristics; all were much more given to fishing and hunting than to trade or agriculture; all in fact were more or less disposed to a nomadic life, carried to the extreme limit of individualism, so as seldom to consent to live in villages, but to prefer rambling, in single families, amidst the woods and solitudes of a vast continent. Early voyagers and missionaries, it is true, remarked among the Illinois, the Chippeways, and the Pottawatomies of the west, a kind of a rude confederacy, of which it will be our duty to say a word by-and-by; but this political association was far from possessing the coherence of the one which was described in the previous number as existing among the Iroquois. Owing to this state of the case, it is preferable to consider all these tribes as forming together a moral whole, to take among them those which presented the most striking features, and make afterwards an allowance for the exceptions, which were often of a trifling nature only. This brings on naturally the portraiture of the ruder eastern nations.

The chief cause of this disintegration—as it was called—can be attributed to the extreme diffusion of the

Algonquin tribes, which rendered political association scarcely possible among them. The Hurons, confined to a small peninsula and a very limited territory around it, felt very early the advantages of concentration, could not depend only on fishing and hunting, had to till the ground and engage in trade. They acquired on this account more sedentary habits. The Iroquois likewise, whose domain did not cover more than one-third of the present State of New York, had to depend on agriculture as much almost as on their predatory expeditions. Their very position in the midst of the scattered Algonquins developed among them a most fierce warlike spirit of a very aggressive character; and their small number compared to that of their natural enemies, obliged them to observe faithfully the strict compact among them dictated by Atotarho.

But when the vast expanse of territory belonging to the Algonquins is considered somewhat more in detail, it strikes the observer at once that they were almost everywhere induced by the circumstances of their position to look to hunting and fishing as being almost their only means of sustaining life. Either in the group of eastern peninsulas or islands which go now to form Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—then called Acadia—or along the St. Lawrence River and the large lakes of the north, as well as in the west on the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and in the south along the Atlantic coast as far as South Carolina, the widespread tribes of the Algonquins were invited by nature itself to launch their canoes on the rivers, lakes, and streams with which the country abounds, more perhaps than in any other place on the face of the earth, and feed on the immense variety of fishes which swarm in those waters; or to hunt the wild animals of the dark forests, or to secure with their arrows the delicate fowls and birds, of whose number and variety no European can form an idea. Among the first pages of the *Jesuit Relations* we find the following very forcible description: "They live on hunting and fishing; for they do not till the ground. But the paternal Providence of God, who does not forget the sparrows themselves, has not left these poor creatures without due provision for their wants. Every month of the year brings them new means of sustenance, without the least intermission. In January they have seals, whose flesh is as good as veal, and out of which they extract an oil that serves as a condiment for all their food. They fill with it the dried bladders of orignals, double the size of those of hogs, and this constitutes for them a precious reserve for the whole year. From February till the middle of May they hunt beavers, otters, orignals, bears, and cariboos, whose meat is excellent. Should the weather be then dry and cold, they live like princes and kings; but should rain interfere with their hunt, they may be reduced to a real famine. Towards the middle of March, however, the fish begin to come up their streams in such an abundance that the fear of hunger is no more thought of. Who has not seen it could scarcely believe it. One has only to put his hand in water to bring out a living prey. The chief of them is the plaice, twice or three times as large as that of Europe. Towards the end of April the herring appears; and at the same time the *outarde*—a large duck—comes to lay its eggs on all the islands in lakes and rivers. Two eggs of outarde contain as much meat as five of a hen. With them arrive the salmon and the sturgeon. From the month of May until the middle of September famine is out of the question: shell-fish, crabs, oysters, are abundant; you have only to gather them up from the rocks and sandbanks. At this time likewise the Indians receive, through

the French ships, the presents sent to them by the Kings of France, whom they consider as their cousins-german, and whose envoys have scarcely any other object to carry out but to harangue them, blarney them, feast them, and give them an occasion to spread out their oratory."

Civilization has now greatly interfered with this plentiful supply of natural food; but there can be no doubt that this interesting picture was not in the least exaggerated. And this is the main reason why many tribes of Algonquins never used the plough nor the hoe before the French came. This absolute statement is contained in many passages of the first letters written by the missionaries. In general, when they speak of those Indians, they merely repeat—as in the first line of the above quotation — that "they live on hunting and fishing, and do not till the soil!" Speaking of the Montagnais, an Algonquin tribe living around Quebec, Father Lallemant wrote as late as 1626: "This nation does not cultivate the soil. There are among them scarcely three or four families that have cleared two or three acres each, where they plant corn; and this is of recent date. I was told they had been induced to do so by the Recollect Fathers who went first among them." Nay more, the Abnakis of Maine, who were considered in advance of other Algonquin tribes in that respect, scarcely used the hoe for a few patches of ground. Their descendants, the Penobscots, prefer still a great deal at this day to hunt and fish rather than apply to agriculture.

All these tribes, therefore, were nomadic. They could not settle anywhere, but were constantly on the move. You could scarcely find any village among them; but all the time they rambled, one, two, or three families at most together through the boundless forests, or on the vast expanse of the lakes and rivers. Their habits were, consequently, those of nomads, yet very different from those of the Tartars and Arabs, for instance, who are of a gregarious nature, travel in large caravans, and enjoy keenly the pleasures of society at their encampments or bivouacs. The Algonquins scarcely knew any other society but that of the family. Reduced to this last unit of humankind, their social habits were merely those of savages, and the French naturally called them by that name whenever they spoke of them.

It is thus easy to understand that their industry was of the simplest kind, confined as it was to the manufacture of their nets and weapons. They could weave a bark canoe admirably, or scoop out a pirogue in the trunk of a tree. They could sharpen wood or stone to produce spears and hatchets, and tan the skin of the bear and of the beaver to cover their nudity. To this their industry was nearly limited. Their huts could never be called houses, being very inferior to those of the Iroquois and the Hurons, which were often long buildings of wood, where several families could live together.

On account of this state of disaggregation, as it has been called, the first missionaries who came to reside among them almost despaired of ever converting them in large numbers. Father Lejeune particularly thought that to make communities of Christians among them, nearly as many missionaries would be required as there were families. Hence, as soon as they became acquainted with the social position of the Hurons and Iroquois, they turned their eyes towards them, and placed their chief hope in the conversion of these tribes, far more promising than the Algonquins. They did not entertain for a moment the idea of abandoning to their fate the first tribes they had tried to evangelize, but they imagined that their thorough conversion would follow only that of the Huron-Iroquois. Father Lejeune, in

1633, admirably expressed his own thoughts on the subject, and those of the other Fathers. Speaking of the Montagnais he wrote: "I am yet in the dark, and what distresses me principally is that, as I am not able to understand their language, my ignorance, I foresee, will last a long time for the reason that *they never stop anywhere.* Yet the fruit of this mission will still be abundant by-and-by, if it pleases God. But if those of our Fathers who are sent to the Hurons, a nation of much more steady habits, can reach that distant country, and war does not interfere, in a couple of years men will see that there is not on earth so barbarous a people as to be incapable of knowing and honoring God."

Yet it is proper to say here, incidentally, that many Algonquin tribes have been thoroughly converted, and have remained ever since steadfast in their religion. The Hurons certainly surpassed them in heroism, and those few comparatively of the Iroquois who embraced the faith keep it yet to this day; but in this the Algonquins still living do not differ from them; and the pretended failure of the missions is contradicted by what is seen even in our age.

This extreme roving life of the great number of tribes composing the Algic family must be studied still more in detail to comprehend thoroughly the difficulty of their conversion. At the first landing of the French at Quebec, Champlain, who wrote at the head of his *Voyages*, that "the salvation of a single soul is more precious than the conquest of an empire, and the kings of the earth in extending their dominion must have no other object in view but to subdue them under the yoke of Christ," called to his aid for this purpose the French Recollects, a zealous branch of the Franciscan Order newly established. Four of them reached the new colony in 1615, and applied themselves instantly to their work. The Montagnais were then, as now, living around Quebec, and became soon acquainted with the French, to whom they offered no opposition. The missionaries thought they had a fair and open field, and blessed Almighty God who had prepared the way for them, and not permitted war and dissension even to appear at the first beginning of the intercourse between the colonists and the natives. They then imagined that they would soon know enough of the Indian language to preach Christ to these poor pagans. But to learn the language they must talk with the savages; and in order to talk with them they must enter their huts, and try to engage in conversation. They soon found this to be an impossibility, as will presently be seen.

When, in 1625, two Jesuit Fathers, Lejeune and De Noue, came to help the Franciscans, at their own invitation, the original design of the Recollects was taken up again with vigor by the lately arrived sons of St. Ignatius, and the long letter of Father Lejeune, written a few years later, explains admirably the hopelessness of the task. The languages of the North American Indians were then perfectly unknown. There were neither grammars nor dictionaries, nor any other books in which these Turanian dialects could be studied. To learn them, you had to go to those who spoke them, show by sign that you wished to know the name of such and such an object, and then enter it in your memorandum book. Try it if you like, and in nine cases out of ten you will surely make some mistake which it will be afterwards very difficult to correct. When you have thus inscribed a certain number of words, you must come to the far more arduous task of forming phrases, and learning consequently verbs, conjunctions, prepositions, etc., in tongues whose syntax has not the least resemblance with that of our Aryan idioms. To do it satisfactorily you must have some

individual Indian altogether in your power, and ask him questions by signs if he has himself time to answer them. But there is the rub. No Indian had time, because he *could not* have the will owing to his roving habits. His hut was here to-day, twenty miles away to-morrow. When you thought you were going to have the advantage of his conversation, he on his side thought he must provide for his dinner and that of his family, and he was off with his net or his spear.

The Montagnais was not a brutal savage, nay, he was sociable and friendly. But you could not change his nature and at once make of him a talkative European. The American languages besides are so different from our own that it is not enough to remain with the squaws and papooses, hear them talk, and thus learn something every day. A Frenchman can do so in Italy, in England, in Germany, although very few have the patience to do it. But it can be done, because all our European languages have many things in common which enable you to catch the meaning of a whole phrase by a few words which you can understand, and moreover by signs which are common to all the inhabitants of Europe. But it is a very different affair with regard to the Turanian idioms.

Had not the result been so sad, it would be mightily amusing to read in the letter previously mentioned how all the efforts of good Father Lejeune and excellent Father De Noue ended in total disappointment, and how after a couple of years of trial, the attempt had to be given up. The gist of the difficulty lay in this, that the Montagnais, and in general the Algonquin tribes, had no villages. Each family built its hut—an hour or two sufficed for the operation—wherever it looked useful or pleasant for the day. An Indian, for instance, asking himself on getting up in the morning what he would have for his first meal, thought on a sudden that the day being propitious and the month the proper one for fishing salmon, he would be sure to find plenty of them in a somewhat deep river which ran three or four miles from the place where he had slept. Directly he jumped up, took his net on his shoulder, or put it on that of his squaw, and ordered the whole family to follow. In a short time they were all at the place, a hut was built to last a few days, and the whole family had soon a fine salmon or two broiling on the red embers of a good wood fire. Their foresight did not extend further, and no Indian would consent to labor when he had enough to satisfy the actual cravings of his stomach. The reader understands fully from these incidents of Indian life the arduous difficulty which met the first missionaries, so that after several years of a hard life they had not converted a single Indian. They had baptized only a few dying children; they had not yet made impression on a single adult among the natives, male or female. Yet the Montagnais had received the zealous men with open arms, begged of them to share the narrow space of their huts, and as the good Fathers naturally refused this last proposal, which would have been unseemly enough and more than inconvenient, owing to the constant presence of the squaws and the children, the Indians built them a hut near some of their own. The great perplexity was merely to satisfy the claims of all, as every one wished to have the Fathers in his proximity. Such friendly feelings and such complete want of any positive result, explain better than any more details could do the baneful effects of their nomadic habits.

This portraiture of the Algonquin tribes will probably appear to many of too sweeping a character, and contradicted perhaps by many details of a contrary nature. The remark was made at the very beginning that

the western Algonquins differed somewhat in this form from those of the east. Still many writers on the subject give it, it must be confessed, a completely different turn, and putting together several facts gathered from the whole history of the race, create naturally an impression almost totally different, which we have reason to believe is altogether incorrect. This, for instance, is an abridgment of the general description of the Algonquins from the pen of Francis Parkman in his *Conspiracy of Pontiac:*

"The Algonquin population extended from Hudson's Bay on the north to the Carolinas on the south, from the Atlantic on the east to the Mississippi and Lake Winnipeg on the west. They were Algonquins who greeted Jacques Cartier, as his ships ascended the St. Lawrence. The British colonists found savages of the same race hunting and fishing along the coasts and inlets of Virginia; and it was the daughter of an Algonquin chief who interceded with her father for the life of the adventurous Englishman. They were Algonquins who, under Sassacus the Pequod, and Philip of Mount Hope, waged deadly war against the Puritans of New England, who dwelt at Pennacook under the rule of the great magician, Passaconaway, and trembled before the evil spirits of the Crystal Hills, and who sang *aves* and told their beads in the forest chapel of Father Rasles, by the banks of the Kennebec. They were Algonquins who, under the great tree at Kensington, made the covenant of peace with William Penn; and when French Jesuits and fur traders explored the Wabash and Ohio, they found their valleys tenanted by the same far-extended race.

"Of all the members of the Algonquin family, those called by the English the Delawares, by the French the Loups, and by themselves Lenni Lenape, or Original men, hold the first claim to attention; for their traditions declare them to be the parent stem whence all other Algonquin tribes sprung. The latter recognized the claim, and at all solemn councils accorded to the ancestral tribe the title of grandfather.

"The first European colonists found the conical lodges of Lenape clustered in frequent groups about the waters of the Delaware River and its tributary streams, within the present limits of New Jersey and Eastern Pennsylvania. The nation was separated into three divisions, and three sachems formed a triumvirate, who, with the council of old men, regulated all its affairs. They were in some small measure an agricultural people; but fishing and the chase were their chief dependence; and through a great part of the year they were scattered abroad among forests and streams in search of sustenance.

"When William Penn held his far-famed council with the sachems of the Lenape, he extended the hand of brotherhood to a people as unwarlike in their habits as his own pacific followers. This is by no means to be ascribed to any inborn love of peace. The Lenape were then in a state of degrading vassalage, victims to the domineering power of the Iriquois, who . . . had forced them to assume the nane of Women, and forego the use of arms."

This long quotation, of great importance here, leaves on the mind of the reader the impression that the Algonquins formed almost a compact body, with an acknowledged head—the Lenape tribe—and some agricultural and consequently sedentary habits. But several passages of it correct sufficiently this most false opinion, by acknowledging that "through a great part of the year they were *scattered* abroad among forests and streams in search of sustenance." How could they cultivate the soil? The "vassalage" of the Lenape likewise, and the title *Women* they were forced to assume, is

a sufficient proof that they could not have any authority over the other Algonquin tribes. The whole description in fact is in perfect accordance with the view taken of it in this paper.

The only thing which could raise some doubt is the history of Pontiac, which Mr. Parkman gives at length in the volume out of which this extract has been made, and a few words are necessary on the subject. The social and political inferiority of the Algonquins with regard to the *Five Nations* results from a multitude of apparently insignificant facts contained in the *Relations* of the missionaries, of which but a very few have just been given. They never had a centre like the great Onondaga Council fire. Mr. Parkman speaks somewhere of their *councils;* but these were always small affairs, confined to a very small number of them; and there never was any combination among them except late in the last century, owing to the remarkable talent of Pontiac, who was an Ottawa by birth. The reader has just seen that the chieftainship of the Lenni Lenape could not amount to anything, owing to their cowardice, which was proverbial among all those nations. In fact, their warfare was all tribal, never national; and many of their expeditions consisted of individual raids —to use an American expression— embracing three or four, half a dozen at most, of their warriors. The celebrated expeditions of Pontiac were the only ones in which a number of tribes joined together for a common purpose; and it was only at the end of their independent existence that this took place. These enterprises, even, were not the spontaneous efforts of the whole Algonquin race, since they comprised only the western tribes; and the Ottawas, to whom Pontiac belonged, formed always the most reliable, and often the most numerous, part of them. Finally, they merely followed a great chief who knew how to interest them in the war. They had not decided the enterprise in a general council of the nation, because in fact they had none. They were, in truth, at that very time, without a political organization worthy of the name, and if the great leader whom they followed succeeded in keeping a large army of them, during five entire months, in front of Detroit, which they besieged, it is a most extraordinary proof of the influence Pontiac had acquired over them—it is not an attestation of their power of concentration. At most it can be concluded from it that in course of time they might have risen to a real state of nationality, if they had had in succession several chiefs of the same high character and bravery as Pontiac was.

That this is incontestable is proved by all their history. Had there been the least cohesion among them, they would have withstood the onslaught of the Iroquois whom they greatly surpassed in number. They would have destroyed the Five Nations, which they encompassed and could have kept prisoners in the midst of them. Instead of this, they were nearly destroyed by their enemies. Several of their tribes disappeared altogether, and all of them were more or less weakened by the terrible Mohawks and Senecas.

The subject next in order is their religion. The enticing errors of paganism, all enlisted in favor of human passions, have always been the main obstacle to the sweet spread of Christianity. Were the red Indians pagans? and what kind of superstitions were they addicted to? On entering into a brief consideration of this subject, it is proper to state that it refers certainly to the Algonquins, but not to them alone. Their belief in many supernatural beings was common to them and to their enemies. The same superstitions in fact prevailed all over the continent, at least wherever the red Indian race dwelt.

The missionaries at first firmly believed that they recognized a Supreme God, Creator of heaven and earth, to whom, however, they paid no homage. They had in truth neither temples nor altars, and what appeared occasionally to be a human immolation to some deity, was only a butchery commanded by their brutal passions. When they seemed to sacrifice an enemy to Aireskoi, it was not in their eyes an act of religion, but only the satisfaction of their implacable rancor. Hence there were not then any religious rites, no priests appointed for the dreadful ceremony. The whole tribe, warriors, old men, women, and children wreaked their vengeance on the captive that had fallen into their hands. It was undoubtedly the most disgusting spectacle which could be witnessed, but at least these horrors could not be attributed to their religious ideas.

All their prayers, merely confined to the goods of this life, were addressed to *manitous*, or spirits, as various as the destructive causes existing in nature. They adored only the supernatural beings they feared, and religion for them had no elements of love, praise, or veneration. They were really idolaters of the worst kind, although for a long time the Europeans thought they were not. So universal was formerly the belief that monotheism was the basis of their religion, that all writers, historians, and poets represented them prostrate at the feet of the *Great Spirit*, whom it was supposed they adored as paramount to all inferior deities. Longfellow, either intentionally or not, adopted this preconceived opinion in his *Hiawatha*, probably because it was a poetical notion. He pictured "the Master Life descending on the red crags of the mountain . . . . warning, chiding, speaking in this wise:

> "O my children! my poor children!
> Listen to the words of wisdom,
> Listen to the voice of warning,
> From the lips of the Great Spirit,
> From the *Master Life* who made you!"

It is most probable that primitively the Indian had indeed this consoling idea of God, and this single remnant among them of the old universal traditions of mankind must have been at the bottom of the thought entertained by the missionaries, when they said that they recognized a supreme God. Had it been so in reality the work of conversion would have been far more easy than it became. But the missionaries by adding directly the remark that "they paid him no homage," gave their readers to understand that they had forgotten God entirely, and thus worshipped only the wicked powers of the air which they tried to propitiate by the most abject fear. The world, in their opinion, was full of *manitous* or spirits. The mountains, the rivers, the forests, were their dwelling-places. More than this, those spirits were in fact the souls of all objects, animate and inanimate. Intent only on mischief they had to be driven away—so they thought—by incantations or witchcraft. Every case of sickness was supposed to be the result of a diabolical obsession of this kind, and the physicians, whom they called medicine-men, pretended to cure diseases by guttural ejaculations, noises, and blows. This was very nearly all their religion. In the hut where the patient was placed in bed, the conjuror constructed a smaller lodge, where he entered himself, and commenced a series of noisy exercises, which lasted sometimes several hours, and which people outside could hear at a great distance. At the end of the most dreadful uproar the wicked spirit, it was hoped, would be completely exorcised and obliged to leave. The result was often the death of the sick man; if he survived, it could only be owing to his strong constitution. Some of the missionaries thought there was real diabolism in the case. Father Lejeune, who had excellent opportunities of observing all the details of it on several occa-

sions, merely calls them *des niaiseries* in his long letter of 1634. Many other missionaries were of the same opinion.

Of all this nothing can be made out but a degrading superstition. Schoolcraft, however, attributes to them a kind of real religion. He is persuaded that the sun was their great deity, and to it, he says, they paid a sort of adoration akin to that of the old Chaldees. This is, at least, very doubtful, although the fact insisted upon by him that there was a kind of priesthood among the Iroquois, whose chief duty was annually to kindle a new fire and bring it to the lodges of this people, must be admitted as true. The Iroquois most probably had forgotten the connection of this strange ceremony with the worship of the sun. The Catholic missionaries among the Algonquins heard also stories which went to some extent to the support of this opinion, and in their first *Relation*, published at Lyons, in 1616, they give a short sketch of Indian superstitions, which subsequent researches have confirmed entirely, and of which it is proper to give a short extract.

"All their religion consists in the spells and witchcraft of their conjurors. They often perform ceremonies of the same kind to obtain from the devil good luck in hunting, victory over their enemies, a favorable wind, etc. They believe likewise in dreams, to make of themselves complete fools, I suppose. We were given to understand before we went thither that the evil spirit tormented these poor people sensibly before their baptism, but not after. I have seen nothing of all this, nor heard anything of the kind, although I inquired particularly about it. . . The Indians often told me that before the coming of the French the devil beat them terribly, which he does not now, as it seems. Membertou, one of the first Indians who embraced Christianity, assured me likewise that the devil had often appeared to him, but he left his service after he became convinced that he was altogether an evil spirit, because his commands had always a bad object.

"The Indians state positively that they believe in one god, whose only name, however, is that of the sun—*niscaminou*—and to whom they address no prayers and pay no adoration. A young conjuror whom I asked if this were true, answered that when they were in great distress he put on his sacred robe—the conjurors have always a finer kind of dress which they keep for the celebration of their mysteries—and turning towards the east said in the Indian language: 'Our sun, or our god, give us to eat.' I could obtain from him no other detail."

The conclusion of this short discussion, on a subject which might fill volumes, may be compressed into a phrase or two. If religion can be conceived without a real priesthood, without temples, without altars, sacrifices, and sacred rites, then the red Indians may be said to have had one. In the contrary supposition, they must be considered as having been truly without god.

Savages without God must be degraded beings, and in many respects the Algonquins were so undoubtedly. Still, there were in them several redeeming points, which must be mentioned to give an accurate idea of their character. Father Paul Lejeune again has portrayed them in the fifth chapter of his long letter, written in the year 1634. He speaks of the Montagnais, one of the least interesting tribes of the Algic race, and declares that he does not intend to refer to any other, as he did not know them sufficiently, but of his friends the Montagnais he had a perfect knowledge after an intercourse of many years with them. It happens, however, that what he says applies equally well to all the Algonquins, without exception, and from his de-

scription it is easy to conclude that inferior as they were to the Huron-Iroquois, much could be said in their favor. It is a pity, nevertheless, that the chapter cannot be translated entire, and that the chief points only can be set forth. The reader will easily perceive that all these estimable traits of person and character can be derived from the perfect freedom they enjoyed. They were bound by no laws but of their own choosing. Their chieftains had no authority over them but that of persuasion. There were among them no police restrictions of any kind to hamper them. This seems to be a state of anarchy, and it was so in fact. Many vices and abuses resulted from it, and the intention here is not to advocate as a blessing the great cause of all their misery and degradation. They could murder people—and they did so frequently—without any other fear but the revenge of their victim's friends. This is not, undoubtedly, a happy state of society. Still it cannot be denied that the unbounded freedom they enjoyed in their forests developed powerfully, first their physical qualities, and then the spirit of self-importance and self-reliance, joined to a strong attachment to all the members of their tribe, in whom alone they could find the only support they often needed against outside foes.

Father Lejeune, therefore, points out in the first place their physical constitution, in which every one could see a perfect development of the body, strength, agility, a noble bearing, enhanced by their large size, and the gracefulness of their movements. Secondly, a well-tempered and balanced mind, whose only defect was the want of education. Every Frenchman, he says, admitted that they were far superior in that regard to European peasants, who, however, were not so destitute of means of improvement. Thirdly, being free from ambition and avarice, they could not be subject to the many vices which originate from both. They could have no ambition, because there were no superior and inferior ranks among them. Avarice was out of the question, since owing to their nomadic life they possessed nothing. Fourthly, they never gave way to anger, except when carried away by the fiercest passions of hatred and revenge. On all other occasions they preserved their equanimity of temper, and never said a rash word even if provoked. This perfect indifference to annoyance of any kind was their great moral study through life, and they did not think they were men in truth unless they could thoroughly control their temper. They would have lost all respect for the European colonists among them, on account of the irascibility of the French, if they had not admired in the strangers a great superiority of good manners and particularly a great sprightliness of temper, and a habitual good humor, only marred by occasional fits of petulance. Fifthly and lastly, if they were extremely vindictive against their enemies, and altogether deprived of sympathy and benevolence for strangers, so as never to be moved by the sight of their misfortunes, and induced to relieve them at the cost of the slightest inconvenience, they were invariably full of tender compassion for all the members of their tribe, and always ready to help each other at the cost even of the greatest sacrifices if necessary.

A trait which Father Lejeune remarked particularly was the loving care they took of the orphans of the tribe. Some wretched Frenchman had already introduced among them wine and brandy, in spite of the severe measures taken by Champlain to prevent it. The consequence was not only the spread of the most excessive intemperance perfectly unknown before, as they only drank water or broth previous to the coming of the Europeans; but the poor

savages went at it with such a fury that many of them, men and women, died in a short time, leaving numerous children behind them. Directly, by a sudden instinct, which they had seldom before had occasion to show forth, these children were taken in charge by their uncles, aunts, or other relatives, who treated them with exactly the same indulgence in all respects as their own offspring. Never a word was uttered, even in times of famine, to complain of this additional burden imposed upon their shoulders, and they never required of these poor orphans any service which they were not accustomed to receive from their own sons and daughters. They had in reality caught at the spirit of all Christian charitable institutions, and had begun, without knowing it, to found orphan asylums among them.

The good Father, to whom these interesting details are due, remarks, however, with great justice, at the end of this chapter, "All I have just said is true, yet I do not remember to have seen any one of these savages practice a single act of any true moral virtue whatsoever. In all this they consult their own pleasure and satisfaction. Add to it the fear of being blamed, and the glory of being esteemed good hunters and fowlers; these are the only motives of their best actions."

In the next paper, the chief obstacles which the Catholic missionaries met with among all these tribes, of whatever race and disposition, with regard to the spread of Christianity among them, will be examined with more details, preparatory to the narrative of the missions themselves.

SANCTA SOPHIA.

CATHEDRAL AND MOSQUE.

How soon the Crescent on the minarets of St. Sophia will be replaced by the Cross, or how soon the minarets themselves will be entirely swept away, leaving the outlines of the church in their ancient condition, no seer has foretold. There is, however, a belief of long standing—still of force, we are assured, among the Greeks of Constantinople, and not altogether discredited by the Turks, to the effect that such a change shall one day take place, and that "Aya Sofia" shall at last be restored to Christianity. This belief may be as idle as the many similar traditions which from time to time have been noted in the great cities of the world. But the thoughts of many besides Greeks and Turks are just now turned towards the famous Cathedral of Justinian. Other Christian churches have been converted into mosques, and on the other hand more than one mosque (witness Cordoba and Toledo) have been accommodated to the ritual of a Christian church. But Sancta Sophia occupies a place apart. For centuries the centre of Christianity in the Eastern world, the building itself has remained comparatively unchanged in spite of the new faith which appropriated it, and which made it a centre of a very different character. Christendom has never completely lost sight of it. Christian emblems remain under the plaster of the walls, and this most marvellous creation of Byzantine art will need no reconstruction, and but little refitting, to enable it once more

to receive the throne of a Christian patriarch.

Mosques, it would seem, are no more exempt than cathedrals from the pains and penalties of restoration, and St. Sophia has been "restored." But in this case restoration had become an absolute necessity. The building was threatened with destruction, and was daily becoming more ruinous, when in 1847 the Sultan Abdul Medjid placed it in the hands of an Italian architect, the Cavaliere Fossati, by whom the work needful for its preservation was carefully conducted. Roofs were made watertight, foundations were secured, and the superb mosaics which line the interior were, except in the case of Christian emblems, freed from the coats of plaster by which they had been overlaid for ages. In short, this seems to have been a case of true "restoration," unaccompanied by the "destruction" which too often goes hand in hand with such doings. It was repair which was needed and which was supplied, not reconstruction. To this work we must return, but before coming to its present condition it is worth while to sketch briefly the history of this most famous building, the interior of which is so beautiful that in the judgment of one of the ablest of modern critics, it remains an open question whether a Christian church exists anywhere, of any age, of equal perfection.

Constantine the Great, in the twentieth year of his reign, founded the principal church in his new capital, and dedicated it to the "Holy Wisdom," "Agia Sophia." His son Constantius completed the building, which a century later was destroyed by fire during the disturbances in the city caused by the exile of St. Chrysostom, in A.D. 404. Arcadius rebuilt it, but this second church was destroyed under Justinian in the fierce struggles of the Hippodrome factions, when more than 30,000 persons perished. Justinian saw his opportunity, and a lover of building and eager in every way for his own reputation, he determined to erect a church which should be the wonder of the world. It was begun about the year 532. The architect was Anthemius of Tralles, "the most famous of his time," says Procopius, "in what is called mechanical wisdom" (sophia). With him was joined a mechanician named Isidorus of Miletus—a man "prudent and worthy." The church was eight years in building, and when at last it stood complete it appeared so marvellous in the eyes of all who looked on it, that it was generally believed not only that an angel had given the plan, but that heaven had rained gold and gems for the express purpose of its construction. The noblest temples of Greece and Asia were despoiled, and pillars of the most precious marbles were brought to Constantinople. Ephesus, Pergamus, Baalbec gave up their treasures, and masses of Egyptian porphyry and of syenite, which centuries before had been hewn for the honor of Zeus and Artemis, took their places in the great Christian church. It was the boast of Justinian that he had excelled the Temple of Jerusalem. "I have surpassed thee, O Solomon," he exclaimed, as he gazed on the completed building, and it is said that he caused a statue of Solomon to be erected opposite the church, "with a sad expression, as though grieved at the vast size and beauty" of Justinian's work. But Justinian did not realize the extent to which his building excelled the Jewish temple. "The latter," says Mr. Fergusson, "was only equal to a small church with wooden roof, supported by wooden posts, and covering some 7200 square feet. St. Sophia covers ten times that area, is built of durable materials throughout, and is far more artistically ornamented than the Temple of the Jews ever could have been." Moreover, "neither the Pantheon nor

any of the vaulted halls at Rome equal the nave of St. Sophia in extent, or in cleverness of construction, or in beauty of design." The great church, it need hardly be said, is essentially Byzantine, and belongs to the class of domed buildings gradually developed from those circular churches with wooden roofs, which were themselves designed on the plan of certain ancient temples. Of these primitive round churches perhaps the first important one constructed, certainly the most important which remains, is the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem, better known as the Mosque of Omar. This is the church erected by Constantine over what he believed to be the Holy Sepulchre. "The most sacred church in Christendom" it has been called, and like Sancta Sophia, it "bides its time" for restoration to the faith. Deeply interesting, however, as it is architecturally, it has nothing of the developed grandeur of Justinian's church. This, in plan "closely approaches" (here we use the words of Mr. Fergusson) "an exact square, being 235 feet north and south, by 250 feet east and west, exclusive of the narthex and apse." "The narthex itself" (this is the portico, or western entrance) "is a splendid hall 205 feet in length internally by 26 feet wide, and two stories in height." Altogether the building covers about 70,000 square feet, or nearly the average area of a mediæval cathedral of the first class. The great body of the church is covered by a circular dome, and two half domes, east and west. Aisles, as we should call them, or long and wide side passages, open to the nave north and south, and above these is the so-called gynæceum, the broad galleries, with arcades looking into the body of the church, which answers in some sort to the triforia of a mediæval building. Without the help of plan or of drawing, it is impossible to indicate the difficulties of construction overcome by the architect, or to point out how completely St. Sophia represents the Byzantine "ideal," and is in fact the natural and highest development of a great domed church.

Earthquakes shook the church within a few years of its completion. The great dome fell, and was restored by a younger Isidorus, nephew of the "mechanician." Repairs were made to the fabric by successive Emperors, but the design was never altered, and there were no additions. Even at the fall of Constantinople in 1204, when the city was taken by Western crusaders and Venetians, although all movable plate and furniture disappeared from St. Sophia, and the church was converted into a barrack, it suffered no irretrievable harm, and the building itself was little injured. It remained the great centre of the Greek schism till 1452, when the Emperor had become almost the vassal of the Sultan Mahomet II, and the Turks were at the gates of Constantinople. In the November of that year, Isidore, the Metropolitan of Kief, who had represented the Russian Church at the Council of Florence, and had afterwards joined the Church, and received a cardinal's hat, was sent to Constantinople as his legate by Pope Nicholas V. The object was the union of the Churches, which in his despair, and in hope of assistance from the Pope, the Emperor Constantine had promised to complete in any way that the Pope should direct. On the 12th of December, 1452, the Emperor celebrated his union with the Catholic Church in the Cathedral of St. Sophia. The court and the great body of the clergy ratified the act by their presence, but the perfidious Greeks soon relapsed. Then came the fatal May of 1453. At the high altar of St. Sophia, Constantine received the Holy Sacrament during the night before the great assault (May 29th) in which he fell. As the news spread that the Mohammedans had made their

way into the city, the old awe and veneration which had spread a sort of mystery round St. Sophia returned. Senators, priests, monks, and nuns hastened to take refuge within its walls, recalling an ancient tradition that an angel would descend at the moment when the infidels were advancing toward the column of Constantine the Great, and putting a sword into the hand of a certain man who would be sitting at the base of the column would order him to avenge the people of God, whereupon the Turks, seized with a panic, would take flight to the borders of Persia. But no such heavenly aid came to the twenty thousand people who crowded St. Sophia. Mahomet, on entering the city, rode straight to the great church. Men, women, and children were divided among the soldiers as slaves, and all the furniture, plate, and ornaments disappeared so quickly, that in the words of Finlay, "the mighty temple soon presented few traces of having been a Christian church." Mahomet himself was, it is said, greatly impressed with the rich marbles and the general splendor of the place. He caused the muezzins who were with him to summon the troops to prayer, and his own prayer-carpet was spread on the high altar. There the "Son of Iniquity," as the Christian Ducas calls him, announced that the Orthodox Greek Empire was extinct, and from that time the church of Justinian has served as the chief mosque of the city. The various Christian emblems were covered with plaster and thin coats of paint, and mosaics, which could have offended no one, were afterwards treated in similar fashion. Large and heavy exterior buttresses, rendered necessary it is asserted by the shock of earthquakes, were added by Selim II and Amurath III, but what we must consider fortunate neglect was more or less the fate of St. Sophia until it was taken in hand by the architect Fossati. His work lasted through two years, and was completed under great difficulties. Only the zeal of Reschid Pacha, we are told, enabled him to bring it to a successful end.

And now we approach St. Sophia, and see, so far as is possible without drawings, the famous building in the condition to which it has been brought by Fossati's restoration. The building is entered from the court of the Fountain of Ablution; very picturesque, with cypresses and vines, self-sown, and growing at their own sweet will. The entire west front of the church is before us, and above it rises the great central dome with its coronal of window openings, and the half-dome below it. Minarets rise at the four angles, east and west; Turkish additions of course, but grouping not inharmoniously with the general mass. It is not, however, the exterior of St. Sophia which is specially attractive. The lines are pleasing, and the domical forms are always agreeable; but the long west front, the front of the narthex, is bare and unornamented, and the four massive buttresses which project in the centre were despoiled by the Venetians of the four Corinthian horses, which, since the siege of 1204, have decorated the front of St. Mark's. The long front of the narthex, with its double row of windows, reminds us of certain churches of the Rhineland, where true Romanesque is more or less affected by Byzantine influence. But whatever disappointment may be caused by the exterior, all is forgotten on entering even the vestibule of the church—the narthex. This is approached by a vaulted passage, the bronze door of which is of the best Greek time, and was, of course, the spoil of a temple. Over it, incrusted in silver, are the monograms of Theodora and Michael. Over the opposite door, which admits to the narthex, were found, during the restoration, the portraits in mosaic of the emperors Constan-

tine and Justinian; but these, as disturbing to true believers, have been again covered with a thin coat of paint. Then we enter the porch or narthex itself, 205 feet in length. The walls are covered with precious marbles in long *plaques*, and the vault is enriched with mosaics on a golden ground. Over the central door, opening to the nave, a mosaic was found representing the emperor Constantine Pogonatus prostrate before our Lord, who is attended by the Blessed Virgin and the angel Gabriel. The elaborate cornices, the sculpture and decorations, are superb, and the visitor might well linger in this outer hall, were it not that at this point nothing but a closed door intervenes between him and the sight which, independent of its own beauty, is attractive from the half mystery which surrounds it—the interior of St. Sophia. The impression on entering is that of a sublimity hardly attained by any other great building in the western world. The strangely mixed details, Christian and Mohammedan, when seen and examined, do not detract from this impression, though they enforce on mind and memory the history and the present appropriation of the building. Beyond the wide, vast nave, rises the vault of the dome, carried on four massive piers. At the four angles of the main arches are figures of many-winged cherubim, whose faces are now covered with stars of silver. Silver stars, too, and coatings of paint cover the solemn figures, in the richest mosaic, of prophets, apostles, and doctors of the Church, which cover the vaulting and the sides of the great arches. Suspended from the pillars, in gold on a black ground, are Turkish inscriptions, bearing the names of the four first Khalifs and of the twelve Imams. These are huge and intrusive, but a more singular effect is produced by the oblique position of the "mimber," or pulpit, placed against the southeastern pier of the dome, and by the slant of the prayer-carpets, with which the whole floor is covered. They are so arranged in order that the Mhirab (in the place of the Christian altar) may be in the direction of Mecca; and the effect is to give an apparent twist to the whole building. During the holy nights of Ramazan six thousand lamps suspended at different heights by slender threads of iron light the entire vast space, and give a wonderful impression of beauty. But these Mohammedan arrangements are, after all, but fittings, and in no way affect the architecture of the place, or such of its original decorations as are allowed to be visible. An arcade, broken at intervals by the massive walls, opens from the nave to the aisles on either side of it, and the gynæceum, or upper gallery, has similar arches. The pillars which carry these arches are, as has been said, either of porphyry or of the most precious marbles. The rich and peculiarly shaped capitals are covered with incised ornaments, among which the acanthus leaf is conspicuous. The spandrils of the arches, and indeed all the flat surfaces, are covered with a mosaic of marble slabs of the most varied patterns and beautiful colors, and every curved surface, besides the domes and roofs, is enriched with colored mosaic on a golden ground. The restoration to light of the greater part of these mosaics is due to the architect Fossati, and although the figures of men, and of angels, and every Christian symbol, are still covered, so great an extent of mosaic remains are exposed as to affect very greatly the general appearance of the interior. The glow and color are superb at certain times of the day, when the light reflected on the walls of gold and rich marble, seems to traverse them as if they were transparent. The light is not extreme in the building, and indeed, in that southern climate a great extent of window is hardly desirable. The Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem is

enriched with stained glass, "of patterns more beautiful," thinks Mr. Fergusson, "and colors more exquisite than any to be found in our northern cathedrals," and he suggests that the use of similar glass in St. Sophia is all that is wanted "to render the building as solemnly impressive as it is overpoweringly beautiful."

It cannot be said with truth, although the assertion is constantly made, that the ground-plan of St. Sophia is that of a Greek cross. It is really a square (or nearly that), in which is set the great nave, opening at either end, north and south, into a semicircular apse. Between these side apses, eastward, is the main apse, which contained the high altar. This projects slightly beyond the square. Between the side apses, westward, is the great portal of entry from the narthex. Whether such a ground-plan was suggested by the vision of the heavenly Jerusalem, which "lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth," is not certain, but it may well have been so, although the development of earlier buildings is no doubt conspicuous in St. Sophia. In the centre of the gynæceum, or gallery on the right of the dome, was the place reserved for the Greek Emperors, closed by a balustrade of marble. Here, too, was the monument of the Venetian Admiral Dandolo, who fell during the storming of Constantinople in 1205; and in the same gallery is a doorway, walled up until the late restoration, through which, according to a story generally believed by the Greek population, the priest disappeared who was celebrating mass at the moment when the Turkish conquerors burst into the church. The wall closed on him as he entered carrying the consecrated host. When the portal was opened a small chapel was found at the back, and a staircase filled with broken stone and plaster. We do not care to enlarge on the modern fittings over which Fossati presided, or to describe particularly the new Imperial tribune, the "Mahfili Homayoun," from which the Sultan commands the entire nave. The golden sun which surmounts it, the emblem of the Sultan, is even more conspicuous than the vast monograms of the Khalifs. It is not on these things that the Christian visitor cares to dwell. His Turkish sympathies—supposing that he has them—will hardly be strengthened by a visit to Saint Sophia.

FADED LEAVES.

MAURICE F. EGAN.

He heard a maiden singing in a wood,
He saw the wild vines kiss her as she stood,
With face upturned to note their wavy grace.

There was no note of sadness in her song,
And yet his thoughts were saddened, as along
The woodland-path she went, 'mid tender leaves.

"To-day's a dream, to-morrow's real," he said,
For life's a dream, the wakened ones are dead;
She sings a lullaby for all her race.

And death is real, for life is but to-day,
To-morrow's death, to-day will pass away,
And hold, for green and sunlit, faded leaves.

FATHER AND SON.

"You cannot speak to the count, at present," said Antonio; "he has visitors."

The young man to whom these words were addressed, suppressed a sigh. "What I have to communicate is of the greatest importance," he rejoined, "not only to myself but to him. Would it not, therefore, be possible to obtain a few minutes' hearing for me?"

"Possibly, if you will wait here," said the count's servant, as he led the stranger into the anteroom and requested him to take a seat, "but I cannot promise; his excellency is here, and I shall not dare to be troublesome on your account."

The young man retreated into a corner of the anteroom, around which his eyes swept nervously.

Antonio regarded him with curiosity. It could not escape his observation that it was only by a strong effort that the stranger maintained his composure, and besides this his appearance was so striking that it could hardly fail to attract attention. With a fine figure and good features there was something in his dress and in his manner that fairly puzzled Antonio. He tried to draw the young man into conversation, hoping by this means to learn something about the nature of his business, but before he had found words suitable to this purpose he was again summoned by the bell.

This time it was no stranger who asked admission, but his master's cousin, Count Cosimo Vasari, accompanied by his daughter. Neither of them observed the motionless figure sitting in the corner of the room, but he on his part took a good survey of both. His eyes followed the elderly man and his beautiful daughter as they stepped across the room.

Meanwhile a door opened, and a slight young man with a pale face and a downy beard hastened to meet them. He saluted the count with courteous cordiality, and the maiden with such evident pleasure that the quiet observer in the corner had no difficulty in guessing the nature of his feelings towards her. As the door closed upon the three, the stranger turned to the servant, "Who is that young man?" he asked.

"Our young count," said Antonio, evidently surprised at the ignorance of the questioner, whose face expressed deep emotion.

"Do I rightly understand you?" asked the stranger; "Is he Count Ubaldo Vasari's son?"

"Yes, he is; and his heir."

"And the young lady?"

"Is the Countess Alice, his cousin, and more than that—his betrothed."

"Why, he is hardly out of his boyhood; and is he already thinking of marrying?"

"Our young count was a bridegroom even in the cradle," replied Antonio to the astonished visitor. "My master and his cousin were close allies from childhood, and partly out of friendship, and partly that the divided wealth of the family should be again united, they determined to marry their children. The countess was then hardly ten months old, and the little count not four years."

"I should not have supposed the young man to be older than she is."

"Count Arnaldo? No, he is younger than the countess."

"But you said just now——"

"I was speaking of his elder brother, for whom she was intended."

The color rose to the stranger's face and then left it paler than before. "Is that elder brother dead?" he asked, as he fixed a scrutinizing look on the man's face.

"Heaven only knows what has

become of the poor boy. It is supposed that he was stolen by gipsies; but in spite of all the search made for him he has never been discovered. Those black rascals probably robbed and murdered him."

The stranger was silent and fell into a reverie.

"Is this the important business regarding which you desire to see the count?" began Antonio after a pause. "If you will give me some idea about it I might perhaps be able to help you."

"No, that would be of no use; I must speak to the count myself," replied the stranger, as he looked impatiently at the clock.

More than a quarter of an hour had passed, and his excellency did not seem inclined to conclude his visit.

The young man suddenly raised his head. "If I cannot speak with Count Ubaldo, perhaps I can with Count Arnaldo," he said. "What I have to communicate is of even greater importance to him."

Antonio slowly left the room. He soon returned and beckoned to the stranger to follow him into another room, where he left him alone.

Presently the door opened, but instead of the expected young man, Count Cosimo entered the room. He measured the visitor with a searching look. "You wish to speak with my cousin or my nephew," he said. "They are both at this moment engaged. I shall therefore be glad if you will tell me your business. But first, I must request your name."

"Lorenzo Silvani."

"Silvani?" repeated the count, thoughtfully. "Where have I heard that name? Now I recollect; are you indeed the renowned equestrian?"

"Yes, Sir Count."

"You wish perhaps that we should—"

"You mistake," interrupted Silvani. "Did not your servant tell you that I am come hither on a matter of the greatest importance?"

Cosimo Vasari was silent and fixed his eyes on the young man full of expectation.

"I regret that I cannot make this important disclosure to Count Ubaldo himself," continued the stranger in a low voice which trembled with emotion; "it relates to the son who was stolen from him."

"Indeed!" said Cosimo, his tone expressing incredulity, with a slight tinge of irony. "What have you to say about him?"

"He is living," answered Silvani, quickly, "and is longing to return to his father's house."

The features of the count betrayed some emotion.

"And where is he?" he asked.

"Here before you," said Lorenzo; "I am your cousin's son."

"You?" said Count Cosimo, in an icy tone; "how can you prove this?"

"I am unable to give what jurists may call proofs," said Silvani, with difficulty maintaining his tranquillity; "but the confession of a dying man ought to obtain credit."

Count Cosimo took his watch from his pocket and looked at it. "There are many claims on my time just now, Signor Silvani," he said, "and I beg you to tell me in a few words on what you support your surprising assertion."

The angry feelings which raged in Lorenzo's breast threatened to break forth; the cool contemptuous manner in which Count Cosimo met him wounded him deeply, but he knew how necessary it was to control himself, and repressed his annoyance.

"I will not detain you long," he said; "I will come another time to speak with my father, and I hope he will believe me. But to the point. Andrea Monite, who filled the office of riding-master to our troop, died yesterday. As long as I can remember I looked upon that man as my

uncle and foster-father. A few hours before his death he called me to his bedside and told me that the name which he bore was a false one; his real name was Valli."

Count Cosimo could not conceal a movement of surprise.

"He told me that he had been head groom in the service of your cousin," continued Silvani, "till he was on one occasion guilty of a negligence which cost the life of his master's favorite horse. Bitterly reproached by the count and driven in anger from the house, his heart was filled with desire for revenge. An opportunity for gratifying this feeling soon presented itself. One day he saw the count's little son near the park gates without any one being at hand to take care of him; he enticed him to him and then carried him away. Thinking that the man, who was well known to him, was only playing with him, the boy made no opposition. Valli carried him off and left the country, after having joined an equestrian troop. I passed for his sister's son, and was brought up to be what I am now, while Valli, on account of his excellent method of horse-breaking, became a very useful member of the company. When he found that death was approaching he felt that he must make a confession of his crime."

"Signor Silvani," interrupted Count Cosimo, "I should be very glad if you could bring forward any proofs of the truths of your narration. You say yourself that it is not in your power to do this, and you cannot therefore be surprised if we attach no importance to your communication."

The changing color of the equestrian betrayed his agitation. "I hope," he said, "to obtain more credence from my father than from you, count."

"I should advise you to spare the old man your disclosures. They can only reopen the wounds which the course of time has healed, without having the effect of convincing us."

"*My* feelings and what concerns the happiness of my life, is then of no account with you," cried Silvani. "I ought to have made my disclosures to him and not to you. Good morning, count."

Cosimo returned the salutation by a nod. Silvani left the room.

Now that Vasari was alone and all restraint removed, it was plain that his cold and composed manner was only a mask. He walked with impatient steps up and down the room. "Shameful!" he murmured. "Evidently a plot. It is well that I had to do with the vagabond instead of my cousin. He would either have fallen into a passion, or have suffered himself to be talked over. It will be best to keep him in ignorance of the whole affair."

But, on further consideration, Count Cosimo came to the conclusion that it would be advisable to tell his cousin of the conversation with Silvani, in order that he might be prepared in case the horseman should, as he had said, endeavor to obtain an interview with him.

"I must put you on your guard against a bold impostor," were the words with which Count Cosimo began his account of Silvani's visit, and the whole story was told in the same strain.

We all of us know very well how different the same circumstances appear when seen from one or another point of view, and what a great advantage is gained by the person who is the first to place any event in the light in which he himself sees it. Even if the truth should afterwards come out, the sentence has been already passed, and this truth is simply considered a falsification of facts.

The result was what Count Cosimo desired. The servants received orders not to admit Signor Silvani under any pretext, should he again appear.

The unwelcome subject had, however, caused a disturbance in the harmony of the family circle, which did not subside as soon as was expected. It reawakened in Count Ubaldo the remembrance of his loss, and he had bitter feelings against the man for whom the sorrows of a father were not too holy to be made use of as a matter of speculation.

"Any vagabond rogue might come and give himself out as my lost son," he said to himself. "Any one who expects to be believed must bring proofs, and this makes it clear that the scoundrel reckoned on my credulity. It is only a wonder that such as he have not appeared before. But I do not think that bold fellow will again venture to this house. Cosimo showed him plainly enough what was to be thought of his absurd pretensions."

But Count Ubaldo was mistaken. In the course of a few days the equestrian again appeared at the villa, desiring admittance.

The servant shrugged his shoulders and said that his master was engaged and could see no one.

"Tell me at what hour he can be seen," said Lorenzo. "Luckily this is no great distance from the town."

"What am I to say?" replied the servant. "It is best that you should hear the truth. I dare not admit you at any time."

Count Ubaldo was reading the newspaper in his study. He was so absorbed in it that he hardly heard the opening and shutting of the door, and as a man entered he addressed him without looking up: "Later, Antonio; I have not time at present."

"Forgive the intrusion, sir," said a deep suppressed voice close behind him; "but I must speak with you."

Ubaldo Vasari turned and looked at the stranger in amazement. "Who are you?" he said. "I do not know you."

"You must already have heard my name," replied the other. "I am Lorenzo Silvani. No doubt Count Cosimo has told you of me. You know wherefore I am here."

"I know it," interrupted Ubaldo, the veins of his temples swelling with anger, "I know it, and have given orders that you were not to be admitted."

"Your orders have been obeyed, but I made my way to you in defiance of your servant. I place my whole hope in a conversation with you—on the awakening of the voice of nature in your heart."

"Signor Silvani," replied the count, "I listen only to the voice of reason, which warns me against impostors. Leave the house this moment and never again venture to annoy me by such daring intrusion."

Lorenzo's face became of a deadly hue; even his lips lost their color.

"Do not be uneasy, count," he said; "I will molest you no more, and will endeavor to forget that my father, a harsh, unnatural father, is still living."

With these words he quitted the room.

Ubaldo leaned back in his chair and drew his hand across his forehead as if endeavoring to banish the uneasy feeling which had arisen. "No peace," he murmured, as he took up the newspaper and endeavored to resume the thread of the reading which had been so suddenly interrupted, but he could not succeed in fixing his attention on the contents of the journal. He read the same paragraph more than once without understanding its sense, and then he laid the paper aside and sank into a reverie. "It is too bad of him thus to reawaken my sorrow. No doubt the man is an impostor," he said. "But if he should not be? If he is indeed my son? No, no, there is not a single proof to be brought forward. I am a fool to let myself be taken in for a moment by such evident trickery."

And yet Count Ubaldo could not

refrain from recalling the image of his lost boy and comparing it with the man who called himself his son. The appearance of the equestrian was much such as the dark-eyed boy might have developed into, but then the child was so young at the time that he was carried away that no dependence could be placed on any fancied resemblance to Silvani.

The count's thoughts reverted to the past, to the days when Robert was the joy of his life, his pride, his hope. The birth of an heir had been a great happiness to him, and when the boy began to run and to talk, and gradually learned to think and to acquire knowledge, he became completely his father's idol.

Count Ubaldo pondered over that time; there was one sweet recollection which returned vividly to his memory and filled his heart with sorrow. He would sometimes go and sit by his child's bed and relate stories to him before he went to sleep. The boy's favorite tale was "The Little Man of the Woods," and he almost always asked to have this repeated.

The count shaded his eyes with his hand, and as if in a dream saw himself again sitting by his son's bed, again looked upon his open countenance, and heard the clear childish voice entreating for the favorite story. The deception was so complete that in his dreamy state the count even thought he felt the pressure of the little hand which he always held in his as he sat by the side of the bed.

Suddenly he aroused himself from his dreamy state and with a deep sigh, "This avails nothing," he exclaimed, "Let the dead rest. Doubtless my poor boy has long been in his grave. Away with these recollections. My heart gets the better of my understanding, and so bewilders me that I cannot distinguish falsehood from truth."

He tried hard to believe firmly in his cousin's representation, but in spite of his endeavors he felt a kind of repentance that he had not at least heard what Silvani had to say. He determined to find him out and have another interview with him.

* * * * *

Meanwhile Lorenzo was pursuing his way through the wood towards the town. His heart was full of bitterness. As Valli was dying when he imparted his secret and had collected all his strength for the disclosure, the surprise it caused had almost deprived him of the power of judging clearly. No doubt as to the truth of the communication had entered his mind.

He had given up all hope of finding credence and of ever being welcomed with open arms to his father's house. The anxious haste with which the dying man made his confession and his earnest entreaties for forgiveness had quite convinced Silvani, yet he could understand that one who had not witnessed this scene, was more like to suspect imposture than to believe its truth.

It is difficult, nay, impossible, to describe the feelings which the young man left his father's house with—repulsed, unacknowledged.

He was so buried in painful thoughts, so entirely overcome by his feelings of anger and bitterness, that he took little heed of his steps and lost himself in the intricacies of the wood. As soon as he observed this he endeavored to find some open space from which he could take a clearer view. Tired with his vain attempts, he at last stood still and leaned against a tree bordering one of the paths.

He was suddenly aroused from his melancholy thoughts by the sound of hoofs. He looked up and saw a horse rushing wildly along one of the paths of the wood. The lady who rode it in vain exerted all her strength to restrain the terrified animal, which at a furious pace was just upon the edge of a steep precipice. A cry broke from her lips as

she saw death and destruction before her, and felt herself powerless to avoid the danger.

In a moment a dark figure rushed upon the horse; the animal reared, but the rein, covered with foam, was seized by a powerful hand, and he presently stood trembling on the brink of the abyss, while his young mistress bent down to thank her deliverer.

"Has the horse hurt you?" she said as she saw him tremble and sink down in the long grass.

In a moment she had freed herself from the saddle and was kneeling by Silvani's side. Her beautiful face, hardly less white than his own, bent inquiringly over him. "The horse's hoof has struck me here," he said in a faint voice, as he placed his hand on his breast.

"Oh, that it were possible for me to remain with you!" she said sorrowfully. "How can I help you? How can I show my gratitude for my preservation?"

He looked at her with a singular expression of countenance. "Am I mistaken?" he asked. "Are you not the Countess Alice Vasari?"

"Do you know me?" she asked surprised. "How?"

He did not answer, but a burning flush passed over his pallid face.

She did not repeat the question; she was only thinking how she could remain with one who had met with an injury when in the act of saving her life. The horse had taken advantage of being left to himself and had wandered into the recesses of the wood.

"Do you think you would be able to walk with my help?" asked Alice. "The house of one of the foresters is very near."

He rose with difficulty, and attempted to move a few steps forward, but he was unable to go on; the slight arm of the young countess was too frail a support for him. Lorenzo again sank down on the grass.

"It is impossible," he said.

"I cannot leave you alone," said Alice; "perhaps the forester is at home."

She hurried away. Lorenzo's eyes followed her slight form till its outline was lost in the green wilds, and a deeper shadow fell upon his brow. A moisture came to his eyes, and he pressed his hand upon them. She would have been his—that sweet, innocent, warm-hearted creature would have been his if Valli's criminal hand had not taken him away from such happiness, and apportioned him sorrow instead.

Admiration and love had suddenly arisen in Silvani's heart. Admiration and love for a maiden who was so different, so far above any he had ever met with hitherto.

When the young countess returned with the forester, Silvani had become insensible. The groom also arrived, who had found it impossible to keep up with the pace of the horse his mistress rode. With his assistance Lorenzo was carried to the forester's cottage. Alice entreated his wife to take every care of the injured man, and strengthened her request with a handsome present. She sent the groom for a doctor, and then prepared to return home.

She passed the rest of the day very uneasily. She would willingly have sent to inquire after her preserver; his fate lay heavy on her heart.

On the following day she accompanied her father to the forester's. Great was their surprise when they found that the stranger was no longer there. He had returned early in the morning with a cart of wood to the neighboring village, and from thence intended to proceed to the town, although his condition still required the greatest care. He had not left either his name or address, and had persisted in removing, notwithstanding the admonitions of the doctor.

Count Cosimo shook his head in displeasure; he regretted being unable to thank the brave preserver of

his daughter. The maiden felt the disappointment still more deeply. This disappearance of the man who had risked his life to save hers and whose image had been continually before her mind since yesterday morning; the impossibility of learning whether the horse's kick had occasioned any permanent injury filled her with anxiety, and she asked herself in vain why he was so unwilling to be thanked, and what the duties could be which were so important as to oblige him to go away at the risk of serious consequences.

She little suspected that her preserver was the man who claimed to be the son of her uncle, stolen from him in childhood, and who, deeply wounded by the treatment he had received from him, had determined never to see him again, and had therefore fled from the dangerous neighborhood of the lady whose thanks he avoided lest they should give her an additional charm in his eyes.

* * * * *

A few weeks after these occurrences, placards were in circulation, announcing that the renowned equestrian, Lorenzo Silvani, on his recovery from a serious illness, would now resume his wonderful performances.

Following a sudden impulse Count Ubaldo engaged a box for the exhibition. He invited his cousin Cosimo with his wife and Alice to occupy it; not that he proposed to remain for any length of time at the entertainment, but he wished to consider the man who called himself his son from the back of the box he should occupy.

He had never entirely regained his peace of mind since the time of his conversation with Silvani. It availed not that he repeated to himself that the impostor was unworthy of the slightest consideration; he could not succeed in quieting his doubts. The result of the inquiries which he had set on foot, though in no manner conclusive, offered no contradiction to the young man's tale.

The entertainment began. Some well-trained horses were brought forward and went through the ordinary tricks; then the universal applause announced the appearance of the favorite of the public—Lorenzo Silvani rode into the circus. The exhibition began in earnest, and the frequenters of the place whispered joyfully to each other that Silvani had lost neither courage nor strength by his illness.

And now Lorenzo remained quite still in order to prepare, by a short rest, for the "fatal leap" which was to be the crowning point of the exhibition.

He took a deep breath, his cheeks glowed, and any one who observed him closely would have observed that an alteration had taken place since his illness, and that what he formerly did with ease now cost him great exertion. He looked to the right and to the left as if this was not the place he preferred; then he placed himself before Count Ubaldo's box.

Alice, who was herself a bold horsewoman and a lover of horses, watched the performance with great interest, and was filled with silent wonder at Silvani's courage and dexterity. Lorenzo's picturesque dress and his rapid movements had prevented her from paying much attention to his features, but now when he was close before her a slight exclamation escaped her, and turning to her mother with glowing cheeks, "It is he," she said.

"Who?" asked the elder lady, surprised at her daughter's emotion.

"The man who saved me," she whispered.

She had hardly spoken these words when the horseman turned his face towards her. For a moment his large dark eyes rested on her with passionate emotion; but it was only for a moment. He pressed on his

horse, and the entertainment recommenced.

The girl's cheeks had become deadly pale. She was filled with uncontrollable terror. Why was it that she now felt for the first time the signification of the words "the fatal leap," when it had again and again been taken without any evil consequence? And how was it that she trembled for the life of one whom till to-day she had seen but once, as if it were necessary to her happiness?

When the fearful moment came, and Silvani prepared for the spring, Alice closed her eyes and leaned back. A thunder of applause assured her that the "fatal leap" had succeeded.

She looked up and saw Silvani swing from his horse, and after acknowledging the applause of the spectators by a bow, leave the circus.

But the storm was not to be allayed. The performer was called for more and more loudly, and all eyes were fixed upon the curtain which concealed the entrance to the circus. They expected the favorite of the public to appear and return his thanks for this continued applause; but instead of this one of the head grooms appeared and begged their excuses for Signor Silvani, who, in consequence of indisposition, was unable to appear. A sympathetic murmur ran through the spectators, but it is not only *la donna è mobile* (ladies are changeable): the absurd antics of a clown soon quieted the assembly, and presently were heard shouts of laughter and loud rounds of applause.

Count Ubaldo had risen from his seat. "The carriage is ready," he said; "we must go home, but first I must inquire what has befallen poor Silvani."

"I will go with you, uncle," said Alice, as she rose and placed her hand on his arm.

"You, child? What an idea!"

"Pray let me," begged the maiden. "I cannot bear all this laughing and these foolish jokes while an unfortunate man to whom I owe the deepest thanks"—

"How so?" replied Count Ubaldo; "I do not know what you mean."

Alice told him in a few words how she recognized her preserver in the equestrian.

Neither Count Ubaldo nor her mother made any further objections, and the latter declared herself ready to accompany the other two.

They left the box, and presently met one of the young equestrians who was hastening along the passage. They inquired the way, and while tears ran down his cheeks, he pointed in the direction from which he had come.

They followed the passage which he had pointed out, and presently came to a kind of vestibule closed on one side by a curtain—the same curtain which concealed the entrance to the circus.

In the background stood a group which formed a strong contrast with the noisy music and shouts of applause which were heard from the other side of the curtain. Pale as death, and stained with blood, Lorenzo Silvani was leaning on the breast of one of the company, who bent over him unable to obtain an answer to his words.

A boy approached. To him the count applied for information. "What is the matter?" he asked.

"He has broken a bloodvessel. We want to take him to his house, and to send for a doctor. But I hardly think there can be any help for him."

"Not so loud," said the count, "he may hear."

"Oh no! he hears and sees nothing now," said the boy indifferently.

Ubaldo turned to go away. His companions had drawn back in alarm. They met in the passage. Alice was deadly pale; lost in thought, and frightened at her own feelings, she followed her uncle and

her mother with the image of the pale horseman always before her.

It was the following day. Lorenzo Silvani lay on the bed in his own room with the shadow of death on his face. Not far from him sat Pasquale Corsi, the same boy who had directed Count Ubaldo on his way the day before. The lad was a member of the troop, and had gained Silvani's affection. He sat in silent sorrow, looking at Lorenzo's pale face with anxious distress.

Wild pictures passed before the sick man's mind. "Now it is time for me, I know by the music," he said, as he made an ineffectual attempt to rise.

"Rest quietly, Lorenzo," said the boy. "Do not talk of riding; that is over."

"Can I not go out?" said Silvani. "I must; my horse is waiting for me."

"Your iron-gray is not waiting for you," said Pasquale, anxious to soothe the sick man to rest. "The new horseman is to ride him today."

A pause ensued. The light had burned low.

Pasquale brought a fresh taper, and then took his former place. So passed a quarter of an hour. Silvani did not speak again; he lay in a lethargic sleep.

Presently the door was gently opened. Count Ubaldo entered. He was pale and greatly moved.

"Is he living?" he asked in a whisper.

The boy nodded, and led him to the bed. "Is he sleeping or—" he stopped and bent over the sick man.

No; what he feared was not yet. Lorenzo still lived, but remembrances from his early life passed across his mind like the changing forms of a magic lantern. When he opened his eyes, and his look fell on his father's face, one of his earliest recollections returned to him; a long-forgotten picture from the pages of his childhood came before his soul. No emotion, only a dreamy peace was expressed by his countenance.

He seized the count's hand confidingly. "Father—about the 'Little Man of the Woods,'" he said, and again closed his eyes.

These few words of the dying man, to whom in his last hour a lost remembrance had thus returned, removed every doubt from Ubaldo's breast.

"Robert, my son, my dear son!" cried the count, and sank down, burying his face in the pillows of the bed.

Lorenzo Silvani, the equestrian, was laid in the family vault of the Vasaris. Count Ubaldo honored the dead to atone for his despite to the living, and bitter were the tears he shed over the memory of his lost son. Alice mourned her cousin, and is a good and faithful wife. She is happy in making happy—but she never loses the remembrance of him who gave his life for her—the remembrance of her first affection.

POPULAR PREDICTIONS AND PROPHECIES ON THE ROMAN PONTIFF.

PREFACE AU CONCLAVE. PAR LOUIS TESTE.

SINCE the occupation of Rome by the Revolution, the Holy See has become the one grand cynosure of interest to the world. For Catholics the interest is kept alive and throbbing with an anxious, active desire for its preservation and speedy triumph over the world of adversity which has been raised up against it. Heretics, and unbelievers generally, are filled with an interest in the Holy See, and its venerable incumbent, identical with that which actuated the "Gates of Hell." It is an interest destructive in tendency. There is also that other interest, outside the border-land of common curiosity, which protrudes the eyes and erects attentive ears on a multitude of speculators who have no particular anxiety for either the triumph or defeat of the Holy See. But knowing that it is a gigantic institution, which has outlived more general persecutions than any other institution has centuries, which is coeval with Christianity itself,—this is their most comprehensive concession,—they eagerly watch the issue of the struggle between the Church and the world, sometimes surprised with an evidence of vitality in the ancient institution which smacks of the divine, at other times listening to the words of the aged Pontiff with a compassionate condescension, as if they regarded both Church and himself as moribund.

If all the books, pamphlets, essays, newspaper letters, articles, and papers, published since 1870 on the Holy See, and persons and things pertaining thereto, were collected, shelved, and duly numbered, a singular library they would make. There would be the very best, the good, the bad, the very bad, and the indifferent. There would be much, too, that is unqualifiable. Of such is the recent work of Louis Teste, entitled *Préface au Conclave*. The writer impresses us vaguely that he is a Catholic. He displays a wonderful fund of information on things connected with the Vatican. But he is too familiar, too gossipy in treating of the human element, or apparatus, of the Church, as his biographies of the Pope and Cardinals attest. The logical conclusion to be derived from his biographical premises is, that the higher administrative element of the Church, located in Rome, is swayed by cliques, parties, cabals, and self-interest. In his chapter on Pius IX, he betrays the sycophant; for the rest, he is, with an occasional exception, an irreverent gossip-monger, oblivious of and prone to remove the fact that underneath the human there is an upholding substratum of the divine. The ignoring this makes his book dangerous, when it might have been simply instructive and interesting. However, we confess ourselves indebted to his diligence for having gathered together much isolated and neglected information concerning the popular predictions of the Romans on the Pontiffs. He very justly remarks that the old spirit of augury, prognostication, and divination, which characterized the old Romans, still shows itself in their successors, especially in the lower classes. It would be an interesting study to trace some of their legends, predictions, and maxims to their origin. For instance, the so-called prophecies of St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armah, are as current among the lower and middle classes of Rome, as those of St. Columbkill are in Ireland. These prophecies are a litany of mottos, applied to the one hundred and twelve Popes

from Celestine II. to the last successor of St. Peter. It matters little to the overcredulous that these prophecies are apocryphal, as may be very easily shown. In fact, St. Malachy died in the pontificate of Eugene III, in 1148, while the prophecies purport to begin from Celestine II (1143–1144). They were not published until 1595, by a Benedictine monk named Arnaud Wion, who, however, made no mention of where or how he became the possessor of them. Their authenticity was not publicly questioned until the year 1689, when Père Ménestrier, a French Jesuit, subjected them to a scathing critique, which placed them irrecoverably in the catalogue of apocryphal works. His principal argument against their authenticity is based on the fact that St. Bernard, the personal friend and biographer of St. Malachy, makes no mention of his prophecies. Besides, many of the titles attributed to the Pontiffs are not only inappropriate, but even ridiculous. For instance, the ninety-sixth successor of Celestine II, the eminently meek Pius VII, is designated as *Aquila rapax*—rapacious eagle. Popular interpretation, however, being elastic, fixed this title, not on the mild Pontiff, but upon his persecutor, Napoleon I., who bore him off a prisoner from Rome, and confined him in Fontainebleau. Pius IX, as every one knows, is designated as *Crux de cruce*—literally, Cross of, or from, a cross. The interpretation given to this device is, crucified upon a cross. Since the events of 1870, this cross has been discovered to be the cross of Savoy, inasmuch as Victor Emanuel, heir to the house and cross of Savoy, disenthroned Pius IX, and submitted him to the many and crying outrages which have desolated the last seven years of his pontificate. According to this prophecy there will be but ten more successors to Pius IX. During the pontificate of the last of these the final dissolution of the world will take place. Here is the list:

101. *Crux de Cruce* (Pius IX).

102. *Lumen in Cœlo*, A light in heaven.

103. *Ignis ardens*, A burning fire.

104. *Religio depopulata*, Religion depopulated.

105. *Fides intrepida*, Intrepid faith.

106. *Pastor Angelicus*, Angelic Pastor.

107. *Pastor et Nauta*, Pastor and sailor.

108. *Flos florum*, The flower of flowers.

109. *De medietate Lunæ* (We presume this device would bear the translation, From the middle of the moon).

110. *De labore Solis*, From the labor of the sun.

111. *Gloria Olivæ*, The glory of olive.

112. *In persecutione extremâ S. R. E. sedebit Petrus Romanus* (some MSS. read *Secundus*) *qui pascet oves in multis tribulationibus, quibus transactis, civitas septicollis diruetur, et judex tremendus judicabit* (in other MSS. *vindicabit*) *populum suum.* In the last persecutions of the Holy Roman Church, Peter (the Second), a Roman, will sit in the Chair, who will feed the flock in the midst of many tribulations, and when these are over, the seven-hilled city will be destroyed, and the terrible Judge will judge (vindicate) his people.

Those who believe in the authenticity of these prophecies pretend to find a corroboration of them in the Second Epistle of St. Peter, chapter 3, v. 8: "But of one thing be not ignorant, dearly beloved, *for one day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.*" If we accept, with St. Cyprian, Lactantius, St. Ambrose, and St. Ireneus, the division of the world's existence into three grand epochs of two thousand years each, the end of the world might be marked at the close of the next century!

The motto *Lumen in Cœlo* given in the prophecies of the Irish Archbishop to the successor of Pius IX, has been fixed upon Cardinal Panebianco, a Sicilian. He was born at Terranova, in Sicily, August 13th, 1808, created Cardinal by Pius IX, on the 27th of September, 1861. He is Grand Penitentiary to the Pope, and to him belongs the office of administering the last Sacraments to the Sovereign Pontiff. Not, however, in his rigorously austere life, but in his name, do the prognosticators discover a reason for applying to him the device *Lumen in Cœlo*. The word *Panebianco* literally signifies *white bread*. Now *white bread* is literally and figuratively the Blessed Eucharist, and the Blessed Eucharist is often characterized as *a light in heaven*. Therefore, the appellation *Lumen in Cœlo* belongs to Cardinal Panebianco, consequently the successorship to Pius IX. For our part, we deem it safer to trust to facts, when they fall out, than to these interpretations of unauthenticated predictions. We pass over the fact that the election or death of many Popes was accompanied by extraordinary phenomena. We would mention that in the higher ecclesiastical circles a sort of jocular prognostication has obtained from time immemorial, which the events sometimes prove veritable predictions. When St. Pius V sent Cardinal Ugo Boncompagni as special Legate to Philip II, King of Spain, the Cardinal was accompanied by two prelates, Mgrs. Castagna and Aldobrandini, and two monks, Peretti and Bonucci. One day while the five were dining with the king, the court fool danced into the room and said, "Your Majesty is dining with three Popes." Now it afterwards fell out that Boncompagni became Pope Gregory XIII (1572), the monk, Peretti, the inimitable Pope Sixtus V (1585), and the prelate Castagna, Pope Urban VII. Sixtus V, himself, in like manner intimated who would be his successor, in a play of words upon his own name. *Peretti* means *little pears*. Entertaining Cardinal Castagna (literally *chestnut*) one day at dinner, the Pope took a pear in his hand at dessert and said, "I believe the Romans don't like *pears* any more; they will soon have *chestnuts*." Cardinal Castagna became his immediate successor (Urban VII). St. Philip Neri predicted their elevation to the Pontificate to four Popes, viz.: Gregory XIV, Innocent IX, Clement VIII, and Leo XI. When Pius VI, who took the name of Pius out of devotion to his sainted predecessor of that name, was going through a fearfully tempestuous pontificate of twenty-five years, it was regretted by the Romans that he had the title of *Sixth*, because under the *sixths* Rome was always unfortunate. Pasquin, in fact, put the sentiment into this distich at the election of Pius VI:

Sextus Tarquinius, Sextus Nero, Sextus et iste. Semper sub Sextis perdita Roma fuit.—The Sixth Tarquin, the Sixth Nero, and this one a Sixth. Rome was always lost under the Sixths.

Pasquin was silenced by the following truthful reply:

Si fuit, ut jactant, sub Sextis perdita Roma, Roma est sub Sexto reddita et aucta Pio.—If Rome, as they hold, was lost under the Sixths, under the Sixth Pius Rome was restored and increased.

The prophecies of that holy woman of Rome, Anna Maria Taigi, who lived at the beginning of this century, have already been the subject of much discussion and examination in the Catholic prints of both sides of the Atlantic; so we pass them by. Touching the election of the last two Popes, she is said to have predicted. It happened in this wise. In her holy pilgrimages to the churches of Rome, she was generally accompanied by a pious priest called Raffaello Natali. One day, as she knelt on the *prie-Dieu* before

the altar of the Crucifix of St. Bridget, in the Basilica of St. Paul, outside the walls of Rome, Cardinal Cappellari, a Camaldulese, entered, approached the same altar, but seeing the *prie-Dieu* occupied, knelt on the pavement. Father Raffaello shook the arms of his devout penitent, and asked her to give place to the Cardinal. She did not move, being ecstasy-fixed. On their way home, he reproached her thus: "You never think of others. A Cardinal came in while you prayed, and you did not move. Did you not see him?" "I saw him," she replied, "and I saw a dove which placed a tiara on his head. That Cardinal will be Pope." The next day, Don Raffaello met Cappellari at a church door, and being on terms of intimacy with him, the old Cardinal held out his snuff-box for a social pinch. "I must needs accept," said Raffaello; "but soon your Eminence will no longer offer me a pinch of snuff." "And why, my good Raffaello?" "Because your Eminence will be Pope." "Be silent," said the Cardinal, laughing. But Raffaello narrated the vision of his penitent. On the 3d of February, 1831, Cardinal Cappellari was elected to the chair of Peter, and took the name of Gregory XVI. Anna Maria Taigi was also questioned as to who would succeed Gregory XVI. She is said to have replied: "He is not yet in the Sacred College. But no one doubts that he will enter. For the rest, *I now see him in America.*" Father John Mastai Ferretti was then Charge d'Affaires of the Holy See in Chili.

FANCHETTE, THE GOAT OF BOULAINVILLIERS.

AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

While the German army inclosed in its iron grasp the most brilliant and pleasure-loving city of Europe, transforming in a moment its epicurean population into a people of heroes, the environs, once so gay and so beautiful, had experienced a change almost as great. Most of the detached villas were deserted or occupied by the enemy, and the villages, whose regular inhabitants had either taken refuge in Paris or fled to a distance, were repopulated by a singular assemblage of individuals belonging to all classes of society and bound together only by the tie of a common nationality, and the necessity of finding a shelter and providing for their daily wants.

The hamlet of Boulainvilliers, which had been thus abandoned, had received an entirely new colony, and its beautiful avenue, carpeted with turf of the most lovely green, had all the appearance of a camp. As long as the season would permit, cooking was carried on in the open air, and groups were constantly to be seen surrounding the fires and exchanging accounts of their mutual misfortunes.

A painter of Fleurs, bearing the English or rather Scotch name of MacHenry, was among these refugees. He had brought with him from Colombes, where he had before resided, a remarkably beautiful white goat, called Fanchette. This creature, to which her master was much attached, figures in the most of his pictures. Light and graceful as a gazelle, she is represented sometimes cropping delicately the green branches of the hedgerows and bushes, sometimes

entangled in a maze of brier-roses, their pink blossoms and green leaves falling around her in elegant garlands and contrasting well with the snowy whiteness of her skin.

Fanchette was a universal favorite; and few there were at Boulainvilliers who would not have deprived themselves of a morsel of the bread sometimes so hard to procure, that they might reserve a mouthful for the goat, which, however, the saucy thing would only accept from her particular friends.

The grace and rare intelligence of the animal frequently relieved the miseries of the siege. All were surprised at the wonderful education her master had succeeded in giving her. He had even taught her something of his art, and it was really extraordinary to see the sensible creature busily employed in arranging pebbles on the ground so as to form a rude resemblance to a human profile, often grotesque enough, but still such as one occasionally sees on human shoulders; and looking at her work one could not help thinking that after all the *lower animals* are perhaps not so far inferior to us as we suppose.

The art with which Fanchette selected from a bunch of flowers each one that was named to her was really marvellous. Roses, wallflowers, tulips, camelias, were promptly chosen from the number, and it was rare indeed that she made the least mistake. Two centuries ago they would have burned the poor beast for a witch.

The exercise which she preferred to all others consisted in catching on her horns a series of brass rings which her master threw up in the air. This she did with the greatest address; and when she had got a dozen or so of them encircling her brow like a diadem, she would begin jumping and galloping and shaking her head to make them jingle, till, overexcited by their rough music, she would end by dancing in the most fantastic style on her hind feet till tired at length with her exertions she would bound towards her master and throw the rings at his feet.

Among those who had found refuge in the hamlet was a child of five years old, called Marie, the daughter of a peasant whose farm had been burned by the invaders. She was an object of general interest in the little colony on account of her gentle manners and the sweet but suffering expression of her pale infantine features. A year or two previously she had been so severely bitten in the arm by a vicious dog that the limb had to be amputated, and her delicate constitution had never recovered the shock. Fanchette soon took a great fancy to the little girl, and the doctor having advised her to be fed as much as possible upon milk, MacHenry offered that of the goat. It was beautiful to see the pleasure with which the affectionate creature took upon herself the office of nurse, and the avidity with which the child sucked in the grateful nourishment which was giving her new life. Fanchette became every day more and more attached to Marie. She rarely left her except when wanted by her master for some new study, and when it was ended and MacHenry set her at liberty, saying: "Now, be off to Marie," with what joy the creature bounded away, and how rejoiced was the little one to have again by her side her darling Fanchette! Nestling her head under the child's hand, a world of loving things were interchanged in their mute caresses.

It once happened that a lady having in her hand a crown of artificial ivy which she had picked up somewhere, probably the *débris* of a school *fête* during happier times, placed it on the head of the little Marie. Fanchette, rising on her hind legs, examined it with comical curiosity, and having made up her mind on the subject, scampered off to an old tree close by, around whose

trunk the real ivy twined in thick and glossy wreaths, butted at it with her horns, twisting it round them, and tearing off long trailing garlands. She then ran back in triumph to throw her treasures at the child's feet, saying as clearly as if she had the gift of speech: "Look! this is better than the coarse imitation they have decked you with; this is the real thing."

Another day the child was looking at herself in a mirror and Fanchette immediately began to do the same. The expression of sadness and wonder in her eyes seemed to say so plainly: "Why are Marie and I so different? If I were like her I could speak to her, and then we should love each other still better!"

One evening Marie, who was sitting by her mother's side, began to fidget and complain of an uneasy sensation in her back. Her mother, busily engaged with some work, and thinking the child was only disposed to be troublesome, examined it slightly and told her to be quiet; but the poor little thing continued to complain, when the mother, getting out of temper, gave her a sharp slap. Fanchette, who was present at this scene, presented her horns in a threatening attitude to the woman and gently stroked the shoulders of her little friend with her foot. At the sight of the dumb animal's eloquent appeal the woman began to relent, and calling the child to her examined more carefully the state of things, when she found to her horror one of those large and poisonous caterpillars called in French *processionnaires*, which had painfully irritated the delicate skin of the child.

It was about this time that Mac Henry, continuing his artistic labors in spite of all the difficulties of the situation, resolved on taking for the subject of a new picture his goat Fanchette nursing the little Marie. Fanchette lent herself with her usual intelligence and docility to his wishes, and Marie was represented lying among grass and flowers with her four-footed friend bending over her. This picture, which was afterwards regarded as one of MacHenry's best works, obtained the most signal success at the Paris exhibition of modern art—the truthfulness of the design, the freshness of the coloring, and the grace of the composition being equally striking.

But these bright autumn days soon passed away, and many may recollect the bitter cold of the sad Christmas of that dismal winter. Poor little Marie suffered so severely from it that after a vain attempt to recall some warmth by lighting a fire of brushwood, the only fuel that could be procured, her mother, as a last resource, put her into her little bed, in the hope that by heaping upon her all the clothing she could procure, the child might regain a little heat; but it was in vain, no heat came, and the blood had almost ceased to circulate in her frozen limbs. At this moment Fanchette arrived, and without waiting for an invitation sprang upon the bed. It was in vain they tried to drive her away, she only clung the closer to her nursling, and covering the child with her body soon restored her to warmth and animation.

There was one among the temporary inhabitants of Boulainvilliers for whom Fanchette entertained an unmitigated aversion; this was a knife-grinder of the name of Massicault. His appearance was certainly not calculated to produce a favorable impression, for his features were repulsive, and his expression disagreeable. A low forehead, a scowling eye, and a short, thick-set figure were the principal physical traits of this personage; nor were they redeemed by those of his moral character. He had for his constant companion a large ill-favored bulldog with a spiked collar, who seemed to share all the evil instincts of his master. Every one wondered how the knife-

grinder managed to feed this animal at a time when it was so hard to find the merest necessaries of life for human beings—and that, too, without ever seeming to do a hand's turn of work; for all day long he was lounging about, and it was rare, indeed, to hear the noise of his wheel. When any one—alarmed at the threatening aspect of the brute, who never failed to growl and show his fangs when approached—asked his master to call him off, Massicault used only to reply with an ill-natured laugh: "He has not begun yet to eat such big morsels as you; but there's no saying what he may do one of these days!"

MacHenry was sorry that his goat partook of the general dislike to this man. He would have rather wished that she should have tried by her winning caresses to soften his rugged nature, and bring him to love the gentle creature that had gained all other hearts; but as we shall see in the sequel, things turned out very differently.

On one of the last fine days of that sad year, a crowd having gathered round her while her master was amusing himself by exhibiting her intelligence in the selection of the fruit and flowers he named, in which she acquitted herself with her usual sagacity, MacHenry bade her fetch an apple. There were some still hanging on a tree in a neighboring garden; but instead of running off as usual to the well-known place, she went right up to the knife-grinder, and pushing aside with her paws the skirts of his coat, displayed two pockets stuffed with something, which the crowd, amid shouts of laughter, declared to be stolen apples. The artist tried to call off his goat, and the man drove her away with curses; but two vigorous peasants immediately laid hold of him, and insisted on seeing the contents of the suspicious pockets, which proved to be, as all had supposed, apples stolen from the tree in question. The discovery only increased the rage of Massicault, who swore with the most fearful oaths that he had never touched one of them, and that the apples found in his possession had been given to him by a friend. Though none believed him, several, in order to get rid of a disagreeable affair, feigned to do so, and he was finally let off; but many thought they had thus got a clue to the authorship of several robberies recently committed to the prejudice of different members of the little community.

This misadventure excited in the knife-grinder a violent hatred against Fanchette, which was heartily shared by his worthy companion, the bulldog. The latter was an object of special terror to poor little Marie. Fanchette seemed to understand the fears of the child, and whenever the dog approached her she would lower her horns, as if to protect her nursling and defy her enemy. These demonstrations of valor were generally successful, the dog slinking off with glaring eyes and drooping tail.

One day Fanchette nestled up close to her master, putting her foot upon his arm, and having succeeded in gaining his attention, ran off to a particular spot, where she stooped to sniff the grass, and then trotting back, she renewed several times the same manœuvre. MacHenry, persuaded that something extraordinary must be the matter, rose and followed her. When she reached the spot, putting aside like a terrier dog the long herbage with her feet, she displayed to view a leather pocketbook, which the artist picked up and examined. An instant sufficed to show that it belonged to the knife-grinder, and its contents proved that this man was one of the numerous spies the Germans had constantly and everywhere in their service. He found, besides, in this pocketbook, pushed under the covering, the picture of a child, one of those common photographs which have no other merit than a certain resemblance.

The very day that this pocket-book was found a frightful scene took place. Little Marie was sitting on a low stool eating a morsel of bread, which she was sharing with Fanchette, when the bull-dog chanced to pass. The animal stopped for a moment and looked at her; then, as if overcome by the temptation, he suddenly darted at her and snatched at the bread. He was prevented, however, by the goat, and with a toss of her horns she sent the ferocious beast sprawling to some distance; but he was only stunned, not seriously hurt; and furious at his repulse, he sprang upon the poor goat, seized her by the throat, and shook her with rage. Marie uttered piercing shrieks, and MacHenry, having got hold of a stick, ran to the rescue. A sharp blow on the head caused the dog to lose his grip of poor Fanchette, and turn against his new enemy, seizing him by the shoulder; but a peasant coming to the assistance of the artist, forced the dog again to let go, and limping off and growling, he at last took refuge beside his master, who all the while had been an unmoved spectator of the scene.

Great was the general grief at the sight of poor Fanchette motionless on the grass, bleeding profusely from the wound in her throat, and strong the indignation excited by the ferocity of the dog and the conduct of its brutal master. Many were the threats muttered against both, and there is little doubt that the dog at least would soon have paid the penalty he deserved, had Fanchette's wound been mortal; but on examination it was found to be less serious than it appeared, and her master's care of her soon effected a complete cure. The inhabitants of the hamlet, however, resolved not to let slip the opportunity for getting rid of the obnoxious knife-grinder. This ill-favored individual was received whenever he showed himself with cries of "Be off, and quickly too, and be thankful we do not throttle your wretch of a dog first."

Unable to resist the general storm of indignation, the man and his worthy companion were about to take their departure, but they had hardly reached the entrance of the village, when they were met by a party bringing along with them an orphan boy of about six or seven years of age, whose parents had been found murdered some days previously in one of the detached cottages of the neighborhood, which some still ventured to inhabit. The child, at the sight of the knife-grinder and his dog, uttered a loud cry, and covered his eyes with his hands.

"What is the matter, my poor little fellow?" asked one of the by-standers. At length he was able with difficulty to reply, his words interrupted with deep sobs: "That man! that dog! It was they that killed my mother! I saw it all from behind the curtain in which I was hid."

Every one looked in astonishment at his neighbor, not knowing whether to believe the strange assertion of the child, when MacHenry produced the pocket-book, and informed those around him of its contents. The child immediately cried out that it was his mother's; and had any doubt remained, it would have been dispelled by looking at the portrait that was contained in it, for its resemblance to the poor little boy was striking.

In presence of such proof there could be no hesitation, and two men immediately set off in pursuit of the fugitive; but he had already got a considerable advance, and fear lent him wings, so that before they could reach him he had gained the protection of the German outposts. He did not succeed, however, in evading the fate he merited, for shortly after the news arrived that the wretched man had fallen into the hands of a detachment of French *francs-tireurs*, and having been con-

victed of being concerned in the burning of a farm, was immediately condemned and shot.

MacHenry adopted the orphan boy, and never had cause to repent of his generous action. "I have now two children," he used gaily to say, "for my gentle, intelligent Fanchette is almost as dear to me as if she were a human creature."

BETHLEHEM.

A LONG and straggling cavalcade is winding up the steep rocky path which leads from the Dead Sea to the Convent of Mar Saba. Its members have tented the night before in the fertile plains near Jericho close to Elisha's fountain. In the early morning they have drunk and bathed in the waters of Jordan, and pictured to themselves that miraculous passage of the hosts of Israel, and, still more vividly, that awful and mysterious Baptism, when the pure and holy One, who inhabiteth eternity, conformed himself in his human nature to the outward rite, that in all things he might be to us an example and guide. They have seen in the distance the ruins of Bethabara, where St. John the Baptist commenced his preaching; the solitude which witnessed the terrible temptations of St. Jerome; and the desert where St. Mary of Egypt expiated by a life of penance the sins of her youth. And now the guides point out Mount Abarim, from whence Moses contemplated the Promised Land, and Mount Nebo, where he died. Rapidly they have passed by the desolate shores of that sea which, lying like a calm Swiss lake, with its purple-tinted mountains, in its quiet loveliness, yet breathes nothing but bitterness and desolation to those who venture in or near its waters. And now the cavalcade is toiling on, amid magnificent scenery, up the steep ascent, the burning sun making the way appear longer, and a parching thirst compelling the travellers to an unwary emptying of their "zemzymiahs" (or leather water-bottles) before half the day is over. They have a wild and picturesque escort of fifty men, some mounted and some on foot, all in the Bedouin dress—the wide striped brown and white burnous and black kaffir—with long hair and naked feet and legs. They are armed with long old-fashioned guns bound with brass and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and with sundry other weapons in their girdles. Not a tree or a bush appears to give a particle of shade to the sunburnt pilgrims, and the younger of the party are beginning to feel faint and dispirited, when a turn of the road brings them to a great projecting rock, and they see that, by scrambling down a ravine in the hollow below, they shall find a resting-place during the burning heat of noonday. In a few moments they had dismounted, and stretched themselves on their carpets in the grateful shade. "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Who has not felt, in the East, the wonderful beauty and reality of the similes used in holy Scripture? Were any one seeking for a guide-book of Syria, of its scenery, its manners, its customs, they could find no more accurate one than that which God has placed in the hands of all men by the mouth of his prophets. There still are the women watering the cattle by the wayside well, and kneading the cakes on the hearth, and preparing the fatted kid for the traveller by the open

tent door. There, again, is the grass growing upon the housetops, "which withereth before it be plucked up." Nothing is changed in this wonderful land, except where the blighting foot of the Turk has come, and left the usual desolation behind.

But the breathing-time allowed to our travellers was fated to be of short duration. The scouts on the hills around gave notice of the vicinity of a hostile tribe of Bedouins, who had come from "the other side Jordan," intent on plunder. Only last year, two ladies and a Franciscan father, who had unwittingly strayed away from their escort, were captured and carried off by some of this tribe. Of the fate of the ladies nothing is known. The Franciscan contrived to write his history on a stone, and giving it to a Bedouin going to Jerusalem, persuaded him to take it to the convent, assuring him that it was a stone of value, on the receipt of which a handsome reward would be given by the *custode*. The Bedouin duly delivered the stone, and so the place of the poor father's captivity was discovered; and on a given day, when he had been sent in the capacity of a slave to tend the flocks on this side Jordan, he was rescued by a party sent from Jerusalem for the purpose. With this warning before them, our travellers lost not a moment in regaining their saddles, and moved rapidly onwards. One of their party had left something behind, and was beginning to retrace his steps, when, on turning round the corner of the rock they had left only a few moments before, he discovered that every shrub and stone had concealed a hostile Bedouin, who had sprung up, like Roderick Dhu's men, the moment the caravan had disappeared, and were now evidently planning a pursuit. Quickening their pace, therefore, the travellers arrived at a rising ground, where their guides advised a halt, while they reconnoitred the force and dispositions of the enemy below. Some Bedouin boys were tending a flock of goats on this mound; but they surlily and flatly refused to allow any of the party to purchase their milk. From this eminence a glorious panorama was obtained of the road they had already traversed, with the Dead Sea, and the wilderness of St. John, and the plains of Jericho, and the hills of Moab: but in a square, on one side of the plain, were the long low black camel's-hair tents of the hostile Bedouins—a sight which did not tend to reassure our travellers. Presently they saw a movement in the hostile camp. A body of men galloped forward to meet the escort, and a few shots were fired; but only one or two men were wounded; and after half an hour's parley, the matter (which really related less to the travellers than to a "raid" of cattle the previous day by the tribe of whom their escort was composed) was amicably arranged, and the cavalcade resumed its march. Their sufferings from thirst, however, were on the increase. Long ago they had been compelled to drink the Jordan water, which, encased in the flat tin pilgrim's bottles, they had meant so carefully to preserve for their return home; and now they came upon a dirty and half-dried pool, to which they hastened as to a refreshing well, and struggled with the horses and mules for a share in the muddy and brackish water. Another hour's ride brought them to Mar Saba, that beautiful convent founded by St. Saba, whose name it bears, perched on the summit of the gorge, with a deep ravine on one side, and endless caverns in the rocks on the other, where the Anchorites, in the early days of the Church, lived the lives of angels more than of men. At one time it is said that there were more than 11,000 monks congregated in this spot under the direction of one superior. Here St. Jerome came, before he settled at Bethlehem, and here St. John Damascene ended his life of penance and of prayer. The Saracens in the twelfth century mas-

sacred all the religious they could find; but the convent was rebuilt on the same beautiful spot, and is now occupied by the Greeks. Their rule is a very austere one, and on no pretext will they admit women within their walls, so that our travellers tented on a small level sward just outside the convent gates, the monks supplying them with fresh water and excellent bread. After a halt, to recover from their excessive fatigue, the party proceeded down a steep descent into a smiling valley, with fruit trees in full blossom, which contrasted wonderfully with the sombre though magnificent scenery through which they had passed in coming from the Dead Sea to Mar Saba.

Jerusalem is and ever must be steeped with melancholy in its aspect, in its entourage, in its interior, in all its associations. But Bethlehem, to which the travellers were now rapidly approaching, is, of all the towns of Syria, the gayest and the brightest. Here alone are seen beautiful women with unveiled and uncovered faces, for no Turk resides in Bethlehem. Ibrahim Pasha, in a freak of tyrannical fury, turned every Mohammedan out of the city, and razed their houses to the ground. It is therefore a purely Christian population, and a marked difference is instantly perceptible. Weary and exhausted with the heat, the party found themselves at last at the gateway of the Franciscan convent, which is on a kind of eminence overlooking the rest of the town. One must have been in the East to realize the joy and thankfulness with which those crossed and stigmated hands are welcomed by the traveller. On whatever door or gateway these are affixed (together with the five crosses which are their additional badge in the Holy Land) there are not only refreshment and rest, but kindness and thoughtfulness and Christian courtesy of the highest order extended alike to Catholics and schismatics; a charity asking for no return save such as the heart of the pilgrim may dispose him to give towards the support of those more needy than himself, and a gentle consideration for both the bodily and spiritual wants of their guests, which few but the children of St. Francis could show. In this instance the monks vied with each other in welcoming the weary pilgrims, and affording them the refreshment and rest they so sorely needed. Deliciously cool lemonade and Turkish coffee preceded the more substantial evening meal; while the tempting white beds in the pilgrims' dormitory, each surmounted with its simple pilgrim's wooden cross, invited the repose which the long day's fatigue had earned.

It is three o'clock in the morning following their arrival when one of the party, leaving the others to their rest, stole softly down the stairs and through the long corridor to a low door, which she pushed open, and found herself in the Greek basilica built originally by the Empress Helena. Passing swiftly with her little lamp through its aisles, she descended by a flight of steps to a chapel where a succession of beautiful hanging lamps threw a vivid light on a bright brass star sunk in the floor. The lady knew the way well; she had already been there the preceding evening with Padre Luigi; already had she kissed those sacred spots and knelt by that star; but she felt an irresistible desire to revisit them alone, and to strive to realize better that wonderful and joyful Mystery. It was revealed to Sister Margaret of the Blessed Sacrament that everything which happened on that wonderful night eighteen hundred years ago in the cave of Bethlehem took place *in silence* and without a word; and so she felt that in silence alone could she adore and venerate that Mother and that Son.

On the left is the chapel where the star which had "gone before" the Wise Men in the East "came and stood over the place where the

Child was." On the right is the Altar of the Adoration of the Magi; and in a recess, down two or three steps more, is the Altar of the Manger—the very site of the *sacra culla* where the Holy Babe was laid. On the right of this altar is a little passage and a door leading first to the Altar of the Holy Innocents—those first-fruits of His nativity—and then to the cave where St. Jerome lived and wrote and died. A little further on is the cell of St. Paula, his fellow-worker and the first foundress of the hospice for pilgrims to this shrine.

If in Jerusalem the heart of the pilgrim is awed and arrested by the horrors of Calvary, and scarcely soothed by the thoughts of the repose of the Holy Sepulchre, at Bethlehem he can feel nothing but joy and thankfulness and love and amazement at the love which could clothe itself in such humility. Yet the sting of the Passion is even here. The night is very cold, yet it is March now; and three months before the bitter wind and damp chill of the cave must have been far less endurable. It was December when the infant Jesus was laid there, in the rough and prickly straw; to teach us, as St. Peter Damian says, the mortification of our senses. He came from heaven to teach us the love of suffering; He laid down from His birth the law of martyrdom in daily life—the law which all his saints have followed until now.

It is related of St. Francis that hearing one day as he sat at dinner the Gospel read, "And she laid Him in a manger," he exclaimed, "What, my Lord was laid on the straw, and do I continue to sit?" and so, throwing himself on the ground, he contemplated with tears the sufferings of his infant Lord. The words of the old Latin hymn rose to the pilgrim's memory:

> "Cognovit bos et asinus
> Quod puer erat Dominus."

"Amemus Puerum de Bethlehem!" exclaimed St. Francis; and again, blessed Bernard: "Love then, O love this little Child; for He is exceedingly to be loved."

Thoughts like these thronged in the heart of the traveller as he knelt, and felt that the "little Babe of Bethlehem" can be nowhere understood as on the very spot where the mystery was wrought. Year after year she had prepared the *crèche* which was to picture the scene to the hearts of her children. She had knelt by the shrine in the beautiful church of Sta. Maria Maggiore, and by papal permission beheld the sacred cradle exposed to the veneration of the faithful; but all ideas, all representations fade before the spot itself—that spot untouched and unchanged after the lapse of centuries—that spot which witnessed the mystery concealed from the evil one—that mystery of love—that miracle of humility.

And now other steps are heard descending those stairs. A man, venerable both in age and appearance, with the insignia of a bishop, followed by two black attendants and a Franciscan monk, is come to say the four o'clock Mass at the Altar of the Manger. For two months has he travelled painfully and on foot through his distant diocese in the heart of the continent of Africa, to reach the seaport which would enable him to embark for the Holy Land and perform this arduous pilgrimage. And now for the first time he offers the Holy Sacrifice in that sacred shrine; and at the *Gloria in excelsis* tears rain down his cheeks and almost stop his utterance.

A few days before, while travelling, they had stopped with other pilgrims at a wayside khan, and on going in for a few moments saw a peasant mother take her child and place it in a manger where some oxen were feeding; and this was identical with the scene of the Nativity and the act of the Blessed Virgin on that eventful night. All comes back to her mind then; and

with the recollection of this simple action is mingled the thought of the Magi, one of whom appears as if before her in the person of the black Abyssinian acolyte, whom the venerable Bishop of Central Africa has brought in his train. "And so God came as a little child to cast the fire of his love into our hearts," says St. Alphonsus de Liguori in his beautiful Meditation on the Nativity—"O Ignis, qui semper ardes, accende me!"

That Mass is over, and others follow, and the little chapel is thronged with worshippers. But the visitor heeds them not: kneeling in an angle of the chapel, with the Epistles of St. Jerome in her hand, she is reading that portion so affectively descriptive of the scene before her—in that very "little grot of Bethlehem in which," he writes, "God speaks familiarly and converses with his children." She feels as if she could never leave this spot, or cease to remember the thoughts it has called forth. But the morning wears on: Padre Luigi summons her to visit another sanctuary, less interesting than the one she is leaving, yet very useful in filling up the last touches of the day's meditation. It is the field where "the shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night;" a simple field about a quarter of an hour's walk from the convent gates, and in that field a little chapel has been built, to which you descend by a flight of steps. Faber says, very beautifully, that "the shepherds represent the place which simplicity occupies in the kingdom of Christ; for next to that of Mary and Joseph theirs was the first external service offered to the newborn Babe of Bethlehem."

On returning to the convent the travellers once more mounted, and, passing through the rugged streets, rode to Beit-Jala, the residence and seminary of the patriarch, Monsignor Valerga; a building beautifully situate in the midst of olive groves and vineyards, and reminding them more of Italy than anything they had yet seen in Palestine. After seeing both the convent and the students, and passing by a picturesque fountain—where the Bethlehem women, in their bright blue petticoats and scarlet bodices and snowy-white headdresses, courteously offered cups of water to the travellers—they rode on by a rough and toilsome path to another point of pilgrimage, the fountain where Philip baptized the eunuch. There is still water in it, and a rude attempt has been made to inclose the upper portion with a circular wall. Returning, they took the Jerusalem road, which brought them back to Bethlehem, by Rachel's Tomb—that place so dear to all Jewish hearts. It is a modern well, with a dome; but the site is unquestioned and preserved by unbroken tradition. From thence, passing again by the convent gates, the party wound down a steep hill, and arrived after a ride of about two miles at Solomon's Pools. They are three great reservoirs, built of squared stone, and supply Bethlehem with water now, as they formerly did Jerusalem. A great square Turkish castle stands at the head of the Upper Pool, inhabited by a few irregular troops, and wild ducks of various kinds were disporting themselves on the surface of the water. From thence they proceeded down a winding glen to visit Solomon's Gardens, at Urtas; and after scrambling down a rough irregular road, which brought them literally on the roofs of the houses in the village, came suddenly on a spot which appeared all pink and lilac from the mass of peach-blossoms and other flowering fruit trees in this happy valley. A little stream irrigates the whole line of gardens; and the luxuriance of the flowers, fruits, and vegetables proves what might be done with this soil if only a little pains were taken in its cultivation. One of the owners of the gardens brought them some delicious

honey, with fresh salad and fruits, which our travellers eat thankfully, sitting in one of the lovely peach orchards by the side of the rushing stream.

And now the evening shadows warn them to return to their convent home, for the inhabitants of Urtas have not a good reputation after nightfall; and the next morning they are to leave Bethlehem—with its bright and genial population—for the fanatical city of Hebron. Once more the lady finds her way to the sacred shrine. The words of St. Bernard are sounding in her ears: "What more do you wait to see before you will give yourself wholly to God?" Humbly and earnestly doth she plead for grace to make the entire surrender of her life to Him; to become simple and humble as a little child in His kingdom; to understand something of His marvellous love; and then, with unwilling feet, she turns away from this scene of joy and brightness to the barren and rocky road which she is now to traverse—fit emblem of a pilgrim's life.

SLEEPLESSNESS, WHAT CAUSES IT, AND HOW IT MAY BE OVERCOME.

So far as has been ascertained, a lessened flow of blood through the brain is the cause of that total obliteration of consciousness and of all voluntary motion known to us as perfect sleep. It is necessary to bear this in mind in order to comprehend what we have now to say about sleeplessness.

When the brain is most in action, it attracts to itself most blood. Every one who has spent many consecutive hours in literary composition, or abstruse calculation, will be able to recall the sensation of fulness and of throbbing in the head, and, if the work be still persisted in, the headache which such close application often induces. From these considerations it will not be difficult to arrive at a theory of the cause of wakefulness, which facts as well as analogy must lead us to regard as true. Provided that external circumstances are favorable, sleep usually comes on when that power of the brain through which the mind and senses act requires restoration. It is usually requisite that access of light and of sound be prevented, and that the body be placed in an easy position. As we have pointed out, the power of the brain to sustain itself in action may be exhausted more rapidly than ordinary by fatigue, by heat, and by other causes. Habit also, by which all the functions of the body are greatly influenced, has much to do with sleep.

The simplest form of wakefulness, then, is that which occurs from a violation of one or more of the conditions appropriate to sleep. Thus a bright light in the room, an unaccustomed noise, or an uncomfortable bed, suffice to keep most persons awake. An excess in the very causes which induce sleep also commonly prevents it. Over-fatigue is usually followed by vigilance, and some persons are unable to sleep if they remain long out of bed beyond their usual time of retiring to rest; or, on the other hand, if they go to

bed unusually early feel restless and uncomfortable.

When the brain has been once stimulated to activity, it requires in most persons some time before the circulation of the blood through it regains the balance which is maintained in the waking state. When in this latter condition, most persons easily fall asleep if other circumstances are favorable. Many people, indeed, possess the faculty of sleeping at will, by merely closing the eyes and otherwise shutting out external impressions. A great many persons, on the other hand, and particularly those of nervous temperament, sleep with difficulty, and some may be said to obtain repose only by stratagem.

Any intellectual effort immediately before retiring to rest is sure to be followed in such persons by a restless night. If, for example, a game of chess has been played, the various moves and positions on the board are long vividly present before the mind. This kind of misfortune is only to be averted by avoiding the causes which induce it. If, on the contrary, the circulation in the brain is habitually kept at an unnatural tension, the difficulty with which it returns to the state necessary for sleep is nightly increased.

Many articles cause wakefulness when taken internally. Of these, tea and coffee are the most familiar. Every one knows that either, but especially tea, when taken too strong, prevents sleep. Opium in small doses, belladonna or deadly nightshade, or Indian hemp, produce the same effect. There are good reasons for believing that all these drugs act alike, in at least one respect, namely, by increasing the circulation of the blood in the brain. This is attended by increased activity and power of thought. Each of these substances has also a specific action of its own. There is a difference between the stimulation caused by tea and that from coffee. The pleasurable sensations and the reverie caused by opium are peculiar to the drug. Indian hemp or *hashish*, which is its Eastern name, if taken beyond a certain extent produces a succession of mental images and pleasing hallucinations, the nature of which would of itself require a long chapter to describe. It is remarkable, too, that although the effects of all these articles is to produce wakefulness, in some it altogether depends on the dose in which the particular drug is taken. Opium in sufficiently large doses produces sleep, but tea taken in large quantity is not accompanied by this effect.

Nothing banishes sleep more effectually than pain. Patients suffering from neuralgia have been almost sleepless for months. But no amount of pain can altogether do away with sleep, nor will mental depression or fear prevent repose when exhaustion ensues. Wretches are said to have slept while undergoing the punishment of the rack, and culprits usually sleep soundly on the night preceding their execution.

Cold, when not excessive, dispels sleep, because of the discomfort it induces, and probably also on account of the derangement of circulation which it produces. Coldness of the feet is a very common source of wakefulness. A sensation of dry burning heat in the soles of the feet and palms of the hands, to which some people are liable, and which also accompanies certain diseases, is another cause of sleeplessness. Sponging the parts with vinegar and water relieves this affection.

All mental emotions are unfavorable to repose. The merchant who has been fortunate in some daring speculation cannot sleep for joy if he dwells upon his successes after retiring to rest. Another who has met with reverses will be sleepless from sorrow if, as too often happens, his losses intrude upon his thoughts during the night. But it must be admitted that, as a sleep-dispeller, joy

is far inferior to grief. The memory of what we achieve or what we gain is never so persistently active as the memory of what we lose. The recollection of the one soon dims through repetition, while that of the other long preserves its force.

Another great enemy to repose is an over-active imagination. A man whose thoughts run riot, so that with closed eyes he sees mentally pictures pass in rapid succession, like a vast panorama, will never sleep as long as this state of things continues. One great essential for sleep, as we shall afterwards see, is simplicity of mental action.

Indigestion is a very common cause of wakefulness. Anything which acts as an irritant to the stomach is apt to irritate the brain by means of the close union which exists between these organs through the medium of nerves.

For the same reason heavy suppers, taken when the necessity for them is not felt, commonly produce broken sleep, or cause it to be disturbed by disagreeable dreams, sometimes by all the horrors of nightmare.

On the other hand, that kind of exhaustion which occurs from want of food frequently prevents sleep. When a person accustomed to dine late happens to dine early, and goes to bed without any substantial refreshment, he is very liable to find himself utterly sleepless. It may be that no actual hunger is experienced. It is rather an indefinable sensation of sinking in the region of the stomach which gives no distinct indication of the want of food. This kind of sleeplessness is apt to be very persistent, because the exhaustion increases in proportion to the time during which the person remains awake. In such a condition a sandwich and a glass of wine or pale ale act better and more speedily than an opiate. No sooner has food been taken, than a glow of comfort and a tendency to repose succeed, and the person soon falls into refreshing sleep. It is not difficult to comprehend how this occurs: the brain in its previously vigilant state was too full of blood, by which its unnatural activity was sustained. When food was taken into the stomach the process of digestion was excited, and the superabundant blood was, by this means, diverted from the head to the abdominal organs.

Another cause of sleeplessness, little recognized, is taking stimulating drinks. It is certain that in a great number of instances stimulants do not agree with the system, and that many people would sleep much better if they abstained from them altogether. This is by no means inconsistent with the fact that a certain dose of brandy and water, or its equivalent, is considered by some persons indispensable to repose. Anything to which the system has become habituated from constant repetition grows into a necessity. In the present case an unnatural want is established, which, if not attended to, is a cause of discomfort and consequent loss of sleep.

The effects of protracted wakefulness sooner or later show themselves in the strongest constitution. The person becomes gloomy, irritable, and peevish. The memory is defective, and the thoughts confused. Perhaps the most terrible punishment which Chinese ingenuity has devised is prolonged loss of rest. In some instances it leads the way to and even seems to be the cause of insanity. Some of the greatest intellects have suffered from privation of sleep. Newton's mind was impaired by it in his later years; Southey's insanity was preceded by it. The more gifted and cultivated the mind of an individual is, the more liable he will be to wakefulness. The untutored sons of bodily toil have but few vigils, and amongst all the animals sleeplessness without external cause probably belongs to man alone. The lower animals are soon affected by loss of sleep. In Ceylon, wild

elephants are kept constantly awake until they become tame; by this means the spirit of the most refractory is soon subdued.

In order to promote sleep in cases where it is wanting, it is of course in the first place necessary to remove every exciting cause of wakefulness. It is generally essential to give up the use of tea and coffee, and, as has been said, it is sometimes necessary to leave off stimulants. The person should take care that he does not go to bed either with cold feet or with a stomach that has been long empty.

Many devices for inducing somnolence have been practiced with more or less success, one of these is combing the hair, which has a very soothing effect on some persons. Another is to have the feet gently shampooed. Walking about the bedroom in one's night-dress, so as to get what Dr. Franklin called an air bath, is a good plan, and the cold water bath just before retiring to rest, by virtue of its stimulating action, is often successful. In more refractory cases the warm bath may be tried—it acts by withdrawing the blood from the brain. On the same principle, the upright position, by favoring the return of blood from the head, is sometimes useful. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing to meet people who sleep with great facility when sitting in a chair or in a carriage, but who sleep with difficulty when lying down in bed.

The best bed to sleep upon is a hair mattress, and the worst of all is that made of feathers. Many people are so susceptible that they are unable to sleep in a strange bed. A pillow filled with hops, the emanations from which are narcotic, has been sometimes used with success to induce sleep.

People as a rule go to sleep most easily when lying on the right side. Proper ventilation of the bedroom is indispensable for sound sleep and for health.

Sufficient outdoor exercise should in every instance be taken, and those who are strong enough should carry it to a sense of fatigue. In the Satires of Horace, to swim three times across the Tiber is recommended as a means of procuring deep repose.

In a state of health, when the balance between mind and body is properly maintained, sleep will naturally follow either mental or bodily fatigue. This balance is often sadly disturbed because an over-stimulation of all our powers is the besetting evil of our generation. Nothing is more important in order to secure sleep, than to diminish the intensity of thought. Under favorable circumstances this can generally be effected by the will. In other instances, however, the more the will is exercised against them, the more attention is given to the truant thoughts. At length the will, borne down by the torrent of ideas, gives way altogether, and protracted sleeplessness results. It is hardly necessary to repeat here that such an active state of brain implies that the circulation through it is active, and that it is the opposite of this condition which prevails in sleep.

One of the most effectual modes of counteracting this state of things is to force upon the attention some monotonous train of thought, and to tire the brain by its constant repetition. Reading a dull book on a heavy subject sometimes answers. Repeating short verses over and over or counting backwards, is often successful. Monotonous sounds act in this way. Boerhaave ordered for a sleepless patient that water should be so arranged as to drop constantly on a metal pan. The murmur of a flowing stream is for the same reason soporific.

The whole chance of success lies in compelling the mind by a strong effort of the will to give up the train of ideas by which it has been occupied, and to take up the less interesting and more simple ideas or perceptions presented to it.

Many years ago a curious plan for procuring sleep by this means was announced as a great discovery by a Mr. Gardner. As this plan made some noise at the time, and was reported to have seldom or never failed, we shall give a full description of it.

Let us suppose, then, a person to be in a particularly wakeful state, and that he has tossed and tumbled about into the small hours of the morning without any feeling of somnolence. If he should now desire deep repose, the following proceedings must be adopted:

He is to lie on his right side, with his head comfortably placed on the pillow, having the neck straight, so that respiration may be unimpeded. Let him then close his lips slightly, and take a rather full inspiration, breathing through the nostrils as much as possible. This last, however, is not absolutely necessary, and some persons breathe habitually by the mouth. Having taken the full inspiration, the lungs are to be left to their own action, that is, expiration is not to be interfered with. Attention must now be fixed upon the respiration. The person must imagine that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and at the instant that he brings his mind to conceive this apart from all other ideas consciousness leaves him and he falls asleep.

Sometimes it happens that the method does not at once succeed. It should then be persevered in. Let the person take in thirty or forty full inspirations, and proceed as before, but he must by no means attempt to count the respiratory acts, for if he does the mere counting will keep him awake. Even though he may not now succeed in procuring very sound sleep, he will at least fall into a state of pleasant repose.

Such is the account, somewhat abridged, of this much-vaunted "art of procuring sound and refreshing sleep at will," given by Mr. Binns in his *Anatomy of Sleep*. He, it seems, purchased the secret from Mr. Gardner, and hints at his generosity in having it made public *gratis*. It is founded on the principle that monotony, or the influence on the mind of a single idea, as we have already shown, induces slumber. The inventor had for years suffered great agony with consequent sleeplessness from an injury to his spine. In this sad condition opium and other sedatives were found rather to increase than to allay his sufferings. He was a contemplative man, and at length discovered the secret of "subduing sleeplessness and commanding repose by a simple effort of volition."

The plan is at all events safe and easy of application, and any wakeful reader can test it for himself.

In many severe cases of sleeplessness opium and other narcotic substances are of immense use, not only by procuring forced repose, but by breaking through the habit of not sleeping, into which the system had fallen. The management of such cases, however, requires the supervision and the skill of the physician.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS.

Of all that occupies the attention of the naturalist, there is nothing more interesting than the study of the habits of animals, their various instincts, and the intelligence which they display. Anecdotes, perfectly well authenticated, concerning dogs and elephants, sufficiently attest their intelligence; and any one who keeps a dog and watches its behavior with attention, will soon see enough to remove all doubt on the point. But many animals, as well as dogs and elephants, exhibit similar proofs of intelligence, although not perhaps in equal degree. We propose now to relate a few anecdotes illustrative of intelligence in animals of different kinds, most of them from personal observation, one or two as communicated to us by persons whose testimony we could not but unhesitatingly accept.

A small menagerie exhibited at a fair in a village was much crowded with visitors. Amongst the animals was a brown bear, not shut up in a cage, but fastened by a chain in a corner of the area which was fenced off by a slight rail, that people might not go too near him. A woman who was there with a basket selling gingerbread, however, went so near that bruin, putting forth his huge paw, clutched the basket, which he quickly drew from her hand, emptying most of its contents upon the ground within the space allotted to himself. She began to make some attempt to recover her gingerbread, but the animal, offering no violent resistance, quietly lay down upon it, and then proceeded to draw it forth piece by piece, and to eat it at his leisure. Something of reason was surely displayed by the bear in adopting this method to secure possession of the gingerbread.

A farmer had a horse which not only discovered how to slip its head from the halter by which it was fastened in the stable, but how to lift the latch of the stable door, open the door, and get out, when at any time the door was left unlocked. This trick was often repeated. A similar story, we believe, is told of other horses, and probably with truth in every case. We have no doubt of the truth of it in the case now mentioned.

Cats are quite as clever in the act of opening latches when it suits their purpose. A family in one of the northern outskirts of New York were a good deal annoyed with the frequent robbery of their larder—a small outhouse behind their dwelling. Legs of lamb and other articles were devoured or carried off, and no one could tell how. The theft was a mystery. One of the servants determined to discover the delinquent. She accordingly watched, and one night found that the thieves were a set of cats belonging to the neighborhood. The larder had a latch which had to be pressed down in opening the door. No cat could properly press it down by springing from the ground. There was, however, an adjoining wall from which cats might leap and risk the depression of the latch as they successively passed. This was what they did: they leaped from the wall one after the other, each trying to depress the latch as it passed, until one cat more fortunate than the others made the needful depression with its paw. The door immediately was opened, and a leg of mutton which had been the object of siege was secured and eaten all but the bones. Was there not much sagacious planning in this piece of robbery by cats? We think there was—almost as much as we see demonstrated in some of the meaner departments of the human species. The incident took place lately.

Many are aware, from their own observation, how familiar horses become with particular roads and localities, so that, if left to their own choice, they will take the road to which they are best accustomed, or which leads to a well-furnished stable, in preference to another; and it is also very easy to note that they often proceed with much more apparent alacrity in going home than when going away from home. But the memory of the horse is more tenacious than is commonly supposed. A gentleman having on one occasion travelled along a certain road at a considerable distance from home, turned off it to pay a short visit to a friend, at whose hospitable abode his horse found rest and refreshment as well as himself. Riding along the same road about a year after, he wished to see if the horse retained any recollection of the place and occurrence, and when he came near where the road to his friend's house branched off from the main road, he let the reins fall loosely on the horse's neck. Presently, the animal pricked up his ears, quickened his pace, and on coming to the side road unhesitatingly turned into it instead of going straight on.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib," says the prophet Isaiah. We have not had much opportunity of observation as to the ass, although we are inclined to believe that it is far from being a stupid animal, and is at least equal in intelligence to the horse; but often have we observed that both the ox and the horse soon get well acquainted with those who attend to their wants and show them kindness. Well, also, do they know the place where they are fed, and the time when a supply of food may be expected. If you see the farmer's cart on a winter-day at the gate of the field where the sheep or cattle require supplies of hay, because the ground is covered with snow and hard bound by frost, you will see also the animals congregating towards the place where it is usually distributed. When the hour is near for cows to be brought home to be milked and fed, they very generally are to be seen waiting near the gate of the field, or if not, they are ready to come at the accustomed call. The horse whinnies in recognition when his master enters the stable, and probably to express his desire for a little corn. He knows well what is likely to come when the corn-chest is opened, and further whinnying signifies his approbation and eager expectation. Similar things may be observed in many other animals. The pet lamb knows as well where the bread is kept as any of the shepherd's family. We remember a goat which, being commonly kept chained in an outhouse to prevent him from destroying shrubs and flowers, was accustomed, whenever he could break loose, to rush into the kitchen, and in all haste to the press where the oatcake was to be found, that being a luxury in which he delighted. The grunting of a hog when footsteps come near the sty are as certainly a begging for food as the sitting up of a dog upon his haunches; the approach of footsteps having become associated with the idea of a replenishment of the trough or an agreeable donation of cabbage-blades. Poultry know the call that invites them to come and be fed, as well as their own chickens do the cluck by which the mother-hen announces that she has found something for them to eat. In the one case we have an instance, apparently, of instinct, but the other is evidently very different, an instance of something learned and acquired in a state of domestication.

Many instances have been recorded of the display of intelligence by rats, to which we beg leave to add the following: A farmer's wife remarked that the cream on the surface of the milk in her dairy was often interfered with. At first she suspected

that some of her children had taken the unwarrantable liberty of dipping pieces of bread in it, but she could find nothing to confirm this suspicion; and by-and-by she noticed strange little streaks of cream on the edges of the milk-basins, as if a string had been dipped in and drawn out, so as to leave a mark. At last she discovered the secret. The cream was stolen by rats, which got upon the edges of the earthenware basins containing the milk, and not being able to reach down to it, a depth of several inches, nor daring to attempt to go down, as they could never have climbed up the smooth surface again, dipped in the tips of their long tails, drew them up loaded with the rich cream, and licked them. An arrangement of the basins, such that rats could not get upon the edges of them, put an end to all further depredations of this kind. There was surely something more than instinct in this case in the procedure of the rats.

We have something still to tell regarding the ingenuity of rats. A family in a country house in the West had a fancy for rearing ducks, but could not well do so on account of rats, which systematically got hold of, and carried away the young ducklings, even from close to their mother. With a view to circumvent the rats, the maternal duck and her young were housed for the night under a coop, which admitted of no opening for the furtive intruders. The rats were not to be so easily cheated of their prey. On discovering that the mother-duck and her family were closely shrouded from intrusion, they devised a pretty plan of engineering, which was eminently successful. In the course of a single night they excavated a tunnel, going below the outer edge of the coop to its interior, and thus very neatly, without producing any alarm, stole every duckling from under the guardianship of the mother.

Two rats belonging to the same colony performed a feat quite as ingenious. A trap which was baited for their capture was habitually plundered without securing a single rat. They had evidently invented some plan for safely stealing away the bait, and what the plan was could only be learned by setting a watch on the trap. We shall explain how the theft was effected. The trap was of the kind which is sometimes employed for catching mice. It was a box with a sliding door, which was sustained by mechanism connected with the bait. On the bait being nibbled at, the door descends and makes the mouse a prisoner. The two rats saw through the device, and resorted to the following very simple but effectual method to take away the bait, which was a piece of toasted cheese, and yet escape imprisonment: One of them placed itself under the door, so that it might fall on its back, while the other crept in and successfully carried off the morsel of cheese. The first rat then drew itself from under the door, and joined its companion. This demonstration of rat intelligence, like the preceding incident, is of recent occurrence.

Our next anecdote relates to an animal of a very different kind, a magpie. Amongst the poultry at a country-house was a turkey-hen, that preferred, as turkeys often do, to make her nest among the bushes on the side of a *burn*, some three hundred yards from the house, rather than in the outhouse appropriated to the poultry. A magpie, chancing to be perched one day on a neighboring tree, saw the turkey visit her nest, and pounced down on the newly laid egg as soon as the turkey had left it, proceeding without loss of time to make a hole in the shell, and extract a portion of its contents. From that day forth the magpie was never absent from the vicinity of the nest about the hour of the forenoon when the turkey was accustomed to repair to it, but, seated on one or

other of the trees, kept watch for the opportunity of so delicious a repast, so that it was found necessary to follow the turkey pretty closely in order to obtain her egg unbroken by the magpie's bill.

The last anecdote that we propose to tell, concerns a trout. Few anecdotes have been told of the intelligence of fishes, and they do not generally get credit for much of it, nor do they probably possess much; yet that they do possess some measure of it, appears from the well-known fact that carp in ponds have learned to come at a certain signal to be fed, and something of the same kind has been observed of some kinds of sea-fish in a marine fish-pond. It would be worth while for any one who has an aquarium to direct his attention to this subject, and to keep a record of his observations. Ours were made on a trout in a burn. Its place of abode was under a stone in a small pool immediately below a wooden bridge, over which the path led from the house in which we resided to the garden. It was a pleasing amusement for boys to feed the trout with worms, which were readily to be procured in the garden, and the trout was fed accordingly, and soon learned to come out from below the stone, and seize the worm thrown into the pool, whatever number of spectators might be close at hand on the bridge, and although some of them might be a little noisy. But it was thought proper to try a trick upon the poor fish, and to present him with a very small long radish, instead of a worm. Out came the trout at once, the radish in shape and color being pretty like a worm, and caught it ere it reached the bottom, but quickly spat it out again, and retreated to the shelter of the stone. Once or twice afterwards the trick was successfully repeated, but the trout soon learned to distinguish a radish from a worm, and ceased to come out for the one, although prompt enough in coming for the other.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Most Rev. James R. Bayley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore, died on October 3d, at Newark, but the Primatial Throne, occupied and adorned by a Carroll, a Neale, a Marechal, a Whitfield, an Eccleston, a Kenrick, and a Spalding, is not vacant. For, owing to the long illness of the deceased prelate, and his usual forethought, the Right Rev. Bishop Gibbons, of Richmond, was chosen his coadjutor, with right of succession.

Archbishop Bayley was a convert to the Catholic religion, and was born in 1814, in New York. He studied for the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and was a minister of that denomination for some years. After his conversion he was ordained priest by Archbishop Hughes, in 1844. He was successively Professor, Vice-President, and President of Fordham College, and Secretary to Archbishop Hughes. He was consecrated Bishop of Newark in 1853, by Archbishop Bedini, Papal Nuncio to the United States. When Bishop his exertions on behalf of total abstinence were great and remarkable.

He was elevated to the Archepiscopal See of Baltimore in July, 1872, but as he has been suffering from ill health most of the time, he has not been able to do as much as he would have done in other circumstances.

The obsequies of the deceased Archbishop were celebrated with extraordinary pomp, both at Newark, his old Cathedral city, and at Baltimore. Cardinal McCloskey, a number of bishops, and over a hundred priests, attended the funeral. Thousands and thousands of persons visited the Cathedral to see the remains of the great Prelate, and the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, and other high officials showed their respect by their attendance.

Archbishop Bayley had not distinguished himself by his theological writings, like Kenrick or Spalding, he did not form so conspicuous a figure as Archbishop Hughes, he had not labored for so long a time as has Archbishop Purcell, and yet few Prelates have left behind them a better name. And the secret of this seems to lie in the fact that Archbishop Bayley was a sincere and conscientious man, who devoted himself earnestly, when at Newark, to the work of his diocese. Hard, painstaking work was his peculiarity. He may be said to have created the Newark diocese, and caused it to rise from insignificance to its present position. He paid off the long-standing debt of the Cathedral of Baltimore, and consecrated that edifice. He founded Seton Hall College, one of our leading institutions. He worked conscientiously at Baltimore as long as his failing health permitted, and he has left an example and a name that will long be remembered in the Church in America.

He will be succeeded, as soon as the Pallium arrives, by Bishop Gibbons, his coadjutor, and the present administrator of the Primatial See.

THIS nineteenth century is a great church-building age. It has seen more churches erected in England, Ireland, France, and America, than any other century since the tenth, when the Christians supposed the end of the world was to arrive, and therefore built a very large number of ecclesiastical edifices. This activity arises from general causes. The great spread of the Irish people all over the English-speaking world, and the material improvement in their condition, has been one cause, for the Celtic races were always church-builders in a most emphatic sense. The rapid growth and settlement of North America, and particularly of our own country, has caused a need for extensive churchbuilding. The ravages caused by the French Revolution, followed by the Catholic revival of the last thirty years, has inspired the French clergy to rebuild the ecclesiastical edifices of their country.

In the United States we note of late the following new churches erected, or proposed:

On the 15th of August a new church was dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Quinlan, of Mobile, at Battles Wharf, Ala. On the 12th of August a new church was dedicated under the patronage of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at West Point, N. Y., by Very Rev. Dr. Quinn, V.-G., of New York. At the same time the corner-stone of St. Mary's Church was laid by Rt. Rev. Bishop Foley, of Chicago, at Joliet, Ill. A splendid new church is in course of erection by the Catholics of Massillon, O. In the latter part of August the new chapel of St. Pius, Gooddale Street, Columbus, O., was solemnly dedicated by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosecrans, who performed the same ceremony on the following Sunday in a new church at Danville, O. A new church has been dedicated at Red Creek, Wayne County, N. Y., and at Warren, Pa. The following new church buildings were commenced in the month of September: At Queenstown, Md., the corner-stone of a church was laid by Rt. Rev. Bishop Becker, of Wilmington, Del.; a new chapel has been completed for the Catholic workmen at the waterworks, Baltimore, Md.; the corner-stone of a new church has been laid at Hanover, York County, Pa., and at Richwood, Washington County, Mo. St. Mary's, Jersey City, N. J., has also lately been renovated.

One of the prettiest churches dedicated lately was the Church of the Sacred Heart, Philadelphia, by Archbishop Wood, on the last Sunday of September.

If we add to these churches the school buildings, we have a most gratifying exhibit.

THE official notification of the new arrangements as regards the dioceses of Pittsburg and Allegheny, has been made by Bishop Tuigg, of the former See. It appears from this that he is to administer both dioceses as if they were one. This method of action does not annihilate the latter diocese, but is exactly equivalent to the case of the Vicars Apostolic who are bishops of some Sees in infidel countries where there are no Catholics, but who administer the affairs of their own district. The succession of these desolate Sees (many of which are in Asia Minor and Africa) is thus kept up, while at the same time the real needs of the Church are subserved.

It is said that Bishop Domenec will be or has been appointed to the See of Vincennes, Indiana.

A GLANCE over Europe in general exhibits some strange scenes. In the Danubian provinces Russia and Turkey are still locked in deadly conflict, and streams of human blood are flowing around Plevna, in the Shipka Pass, and on the Lom and the Jantra, names which are becoming familiar as "household words," although five months ago no one had ever heard of them. There is no talk of peace, but plenty of preparations for war.

Greece and Servia are still uncertain as to the attitude they will assume. Hatred of Turkey and sympathy with Russia, the hopes of territorial accessions, and other motives, urge them to participate in the strife, but fear of the consequences of fail-

ure keep them quiet at present. But every day may see them declare war.

France is far more interested in her elections than in the Eastern question. The death and funeral of M. Thiers has struck a blow at the Republicans, and the manifesto of MacMahon has cleared the ground for an understanding of the question. Europe waits anxiously for the results of October 14th, and will be relieved when it is over, whichever way the result turns.

Italy is tranquil, but the persistent efforts of the Liberal press to "kill off the Pope" are very amusing.

The Chancellors of Germany and Austria have met at Salsburg, and had a talk on the situation. No doubt both the Eastern war and the condition of Poland formed topics of discussion. Poland is in a state of agitation, not only Russian-Poland, but Prussian-Poland. The partition of Poland was a crime in which three nations participated, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and all three are interested in the extinction of the Polish national spirit, which cannot be broken, although it often may bend.

THE bravery of the Turks and the blunders of the Russian generals caused the third attack on Plevna to fail, and Osman Pasha still holds the crescent flying above its blood-stained ramparts, before which 25,000 Russians and Roumanians lie dead or wounded.

We wish, for the sake of humanity, that this dreadful war would cease; but there are no signs of peace yet. On the contrary, both Russians and Turks are preparing for the winter. Russia has ordered three hundred more Krupp guns, and has summoned the Imperial Guard to the side of the Czar. Turkey is straining every nerve to send men and provisions to the front. A strong force has been sent into Plevna, and large quantities of provisions are being purchased in Vienna.

The fighting in Asia Minor goes on more vigorously than ever, and by latest accounts it was difficult to ascertain who are the victors.

THE war continues with the Nez Perces Indians. There have been negotiations with Sitting Bull, and the Indian chiefs in Washington have held an interview with President Hayes.

These events have attracted fresh attention to the Indian problem, and have brought out plainly that the Indians desire Catholic priests to instruct them, and that some are willing to become civilized if they have them. The Sioux and the Nez Perces are friendly to Catholics; many of them have been converted by Catholic priests, and all have become familiar with the "Black Gowns." They know they are self-denying, and that they have a single eye to their spiritual and temporal welfare. They are accustomed to their mode of life, they are willing to share their hardships, and consequently Catholic priests, and they alone, have their confidence and regard.

THE Indian Bureau at Washington, whose object is the protection of Catholic interests in the Indian reservations, has published another statement and appeal to the Catholic public. It deserves to be heartily supported, for there are few things which so appeal to the sympathies of thoughtful men as the condition of the Indians, and our duties towards a people whose lands we occupy, whose means of existence we destroy, and whose rights we have systematically outraged and trampled upon.

A WONDERFUL example of the unity of the faith which characterizes Catholics in America comes under our notice. A pilgrimage took place to a chapel of the Blessed Virgin, in Robinsonville, Wis., on the 15th of August, and was attended by more than six thousand persons. There were Irishmen, Americans, Germans, Walloons, Tyrolese, Bohemians, Hollanders, Frenchmen, Polanders, and Flammlanders among the pilgrims. The children of the Catholic Church the world over are one family, one fold. Differences of character, nationality, and situation fade away when it is a question of religion. Sermons were preached, by different priests, in English, French, German, Dutch, Bohemian, and Polish. More than forty banners were borne in procession.

WE came across, lately, an amusing instance of the way in which Protestantism is disintegrating. In a Vermont town there is a congregation which, dissatisfied with all existing creeds, has drawn one up for itself, and at the end of it are two notes, one of which states that it can be altered at the wish of two-thirds of the members, and the other that it need not be held as binding, except in a very "limited sense." It is a "sound form" of words, and of words only.

No wonder that Catholicity is increasing in New England among earnest-minded men!

THE question of Church music continues to be discussed. We note, as faithful chroniclers of passing events, that the Gregorian

Chant has been introduced into the Cathedral of Baltimore, but the adoption of it generally throughout the country is not, apparently, yet contemplated.

While it is impossible to deny that the music often heard in churches is unworthy of the sacred services, and while there is a manifest need of improvement, both in quality and quantity in many places, yet the complete suppression of the florid style is likely to be a slow process, even if it be a desirable one in every point of view.

THE proposed establishment of a Catholic hierarchy in Scotland excites attention. By the proposed change the bishops will take the title of a See, such as Bishop of Edinburgh, Archbishop of Glasgow, etc. The bulk of the Catholics in Scotland are from Ireland. There are few native Scotchmen of position and wealth who hold that faith, and Lords Lovat and Herries are almost the only Scotch peers still adhering to the Church. The Highlands were the only district where Catholics have always predominated, even in the worst of times.

MGR. FRANCOIS XAVIER LERAY, second bishop of Natchitoches (Miss.), reached New York lately. He was formerly pastor of St. Paul's Church, Vicksburg, Miss., and Vicar-General of the diocese of Natchez. By a Bull, dated November 26th, 1876, Dr. Leray was promoted to the Episcopate and appointed to succeed the late Mgr. Martin, in the See of Natchitoches. Mgr. Leray was consecrated in the cathedral at Rennes, in France, by His Eminence Cardinal Brossais-de-Saint-Marc, on Sunday, April 22d, 1877.

THERE are some changes in the Catholic press:

The *St. John's Freeman*, of New Brunswick, has blossomed into a daily under the editorship of Hon. Mr. Anglin, and promises to do a good work in that flourishing province of British America.

The *Catholic Universe*, of Cleveland, has been enlarged, mounted a new head, and is considerably improved both in appearance and matter.

We note the same changes also in the *Connecticut Catholic*.

THE Episcopalian and other Protestant religious journals are complaining of the number of churches that are heavily burdened with debt, or are mortgaged, or have been sold to satisfy the demands of creditors. They attribute this state of things in great part to the reckless building of expensive churches, and to the heavy expenses necessary in keeping them up.

MR. BUTT has written a letter to his constituents in Limerick, in which he decidedly repudiates the policy of obstruction.

On the other hand, a public meeting in the Dublin Rotunda, which does not appear to have been well attended, heartily approved of it and received Messrs. Biggar and Parnell with applause.

THE Irish Home Rule Confederation Conference of Great Britain assembled at Liverpool, concluded its sessions on September 2d. Mr. Parnell, M.P., was appointed President of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain, and Mr. O'Donnell, M.P., and Mr. Biggar, M.P., Vice-Presidents.

THE result of the French elections at the time we go to press, October 17th, is uncertain. The Republican majority is said to be reduced, but it is still large and threatening. This is rather an awkward situation for the ministry of Marshal MacMahon who, it is rumored, do not intend to resign if they can help it. For one thing there should be universal thanksgiving, and that is that the peace of Paris, of France, and of Europe is no longer threatened. The crisis is past; there is no longer danger of war or civil strife.

THE success of the Democrats in Ohio is only interesting to Catholics as showing that it was no longer possible to terrify the people by the cry of "Catholic bargains" with political parties. The temporary success of the other party a year or two ago was solely owing to the bugbear of the "Pope and the schools," which was raised for political effect.

CONGRESS reassembled on October 15th, and the President's message was received. It only treats of two subjects, the finances and the representation of the United States at the Paris Exhibition in 1878, which is strongly recommended.

THE address of Bishop Gibbons to his flock, at Richmond, on taking leave of them, was excellent, full of Christian feeling, and dictated, evidently, by a great love for his people and a strong sense of the responsibilities of his high dignity.

SOME persons talk of a Catholic daily as needed. A good commercial and general *news* paper in Catholic hands, and always ready to defend Catholic interests, would be a good thing. But a purely religious daily would not succeed.

THE Catholic Church in Ireland has lost a well-known bishop, Dr. Moriarty, of Kerry. His political opinions, which were known to be strongly opposed to Fenianism, were unpopular with many persons, but a word was never said against his saintly life, his zeal for the good of religion, his loyalty to the Holy See, or his industry and energy in promoting all works of charity and religion. He died on October 1st, and was buried on the 4th in his cathedral. The obsequies were celebrated with great pomp and splendor, and many bishops and priests were present.

NEW YORK CITY contains 1,000,000 people, and it seems that of these there are only 80,000 communicants of the Protestant sects. There are 278 churches. Therefore, as there are, perhaps, 300,000 persons who do not feel enough interest in religion to go to church, or to be communicants, and as these 278 churches are manifestly too many, it is evident that it is a mere question of time and money for them to be bought up; and there is only one church that is advancing and increasing both in numbers and property in New York, and that is the Catholic Church.

MGR. PEYRAMALE, the saintly curé of Lourdes, is dead. He was noted for his holy life, and was engaged at the time of his death in erecting a large and handsome parish church at Lourdes to accommodate the village, or rather town, as it has now become. The old parish church dated from the tenth century.

OUT of 202 Conservative candidates returned in France, 99 are Bonapartists, 44 Legitimists, and 14 Orleanists.

This is very surprising, and shows how strong Imperialism is in France, after all its defeats, and with Sedan only seven years absent.

THERE are now only two Roman Catholics in the United States Senate—Kernan and Spencer. Ex-Senator Bogy, a Catholic, who died lately, has been succeeded by a Protestant.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOD, THE TEACHER OF MANKIND: A Plain, Comprehensive Explanation of Christian Doctrine. By Michael Muller, C.SS.R. Two volumes in one. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger & Brothers. 1877.

The press has become a powerful engine for good or for evil. The enemies of religion are untiring in their employment of it to disseminate error. Their publications assume every possible form, are scattered abroad into every region and corner of the earth. To combat their insidious designs and efforts it is necessary that Christians, and especially Christian pastors, should, with still greater diligence and zeal, strive to make known Christian truth, not only by speaking and teaching, but also by printed books.

The objection that is sometimes made that the truths of Christianity have been explained, and every conceivable form of error has been refuted time and again, and that to publish further explanations and refutations is only to go over ground that has been already trodden again and again is a fallacious objection. As errors are repeated incessantly, so the truths which refute and expose them must be constantly reiterated. St. Francis de Sales, speaking on this subject, exclaims: "What! is it not necessary in working iron to heat it over and over again, and in painting to touch and retouch the canvas repeatedly? How much more necessary, then, is it to repeat the same thing again and again, in order to imprint eternal truths on hardened intellects and on hearts confirmed in evil."

Under this conviction Father Muller's work has been written, as a contribution to existing instrumentalities for withstanding "the mischievous activity of the emissaries of Satan, and affording the great mass of the faithful" a means for arriving at a clear knowledge of Christian belief, and "to pastors a practical form of religious instruction." "A large portion of the Catholic laity," says Father Muller, "are insufficiently instructed, . . . and need fuller in-

struction in order to detect and resist the wiles of their Protestant and infidel enemies. . . . They need the fullest instruction not only in Catholic dogmas and practices, but in the great underlying principles which show that the Church is inherent in the divine order of creation, and represents it, and that whatever is incompatible with her teaching is incompatible with her divine order, nay, with the Divine Being himself. They need it in order to detect and avoid the poisonous breath of the world."

These remarks show the spirit in which Father Muller has undertaken this work. The first part of it is devoted to an exposure of the "enemies of the Church." These are classified by the author as Heathenism, Heresy, and Freemasonry. The principal portion of Part I is taken up with an exposure of Freemasonry. The exposure of this deadly enemy of religion is very full, detailed, and clear.

Part II is an explanation of the Introduction to the author's "Catechism No. 3," for academies and colleges. After an introductory chapter, showing "why we are in this world," "what is most necessary for us to know and believe," etc., etc., the author shows that "God is the Teacher of mankind," and that the Catholic Church is the guardian of the Divine truth, and how she fulfils the function of teaching the truth which God has committed to her. Father Muller then takes up the ninth article of the Apostles' Creed and develops its meaning with great clearness by a series of questions and answers.

The work is a valuable addition to our catechetical literature, and will, we think, be an efficient aid to clergy and others engaged in explaining the elementary truths of our holy religion.

SUPPRESSION OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN THE PORTUGUESE DOMINIONS. By Rev. Alfred Weld, of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. 1877.

This work is a very important addition to existing materials for forming a correct judgment in regard to the causes of the general opposition to the society during the last century. It lays bare the motives and events which brought about the expulsion of the members of the society from the Portuguese dominions, and shows from official and other documents, most of which have only recently become accessible, that the Jesuits were guiltless of the charges brought against them, and the innocent victims of the ambition and cupidity of Pombal, and of Portuguese officials and adventurers.

The history of the missions of the Jesuit Fathers in the Portuguese dominions in South America is succinctly but clearly sketched, the savage condition of the Indians when the Jesuit missionaries first went among them, and the happy transformation which they effected in the course of a few years in the character and mode of life of these Indians. The cruelties subsequently inflicted upon the Indians by the officials of the Portuguese government are then described, the persecution and banishment of the Jesuits, their imprisonment, and the horrible treatment to which they were subjected.

The work is a very valuable one, not only because it is a full and complete vindication of the members of the Society of Jesus, but also because of the large number of interesting and important facts brought to light, and proved by evidence which is incontrovertible—facts which throw light on many matters of history hitherto obscure and imperfectly understood.

ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. By Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1877.

The Right Reverend author of this work has evidently studied with no little care the "burning questions of the day." The papers which compose the volume before us are all intimately connected with these questions. They bear upon their face the marks of careful thought, are written in flowing and attractive style, and are replete with valuable information. The first paper sketches briefly the early history of the Church in the United States, gives some interesting data in reference to its numerical strength a hundred years ago, and draws a striking contrast between the strength and resources of the Church in this country then and now. In three other papers he discusses the influence of Catholicity and Protestantism upon national prosperity under the several heads of Wealth, Education, and Morality. The persecution of the Church in Germany forms the subject of another paper. Three articles, entitled Prussia and the Church, contain much valuable and interesting information upon the history of Catholicity in Prussia, its past relations to the state, and its present condition. A paper exposing the mercenary character of German journalism, its hostility to the Church, and its truckling to Bismarckism, follows, and the volume closes with an able and exceedingly interesting article on Religion and Art.

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